

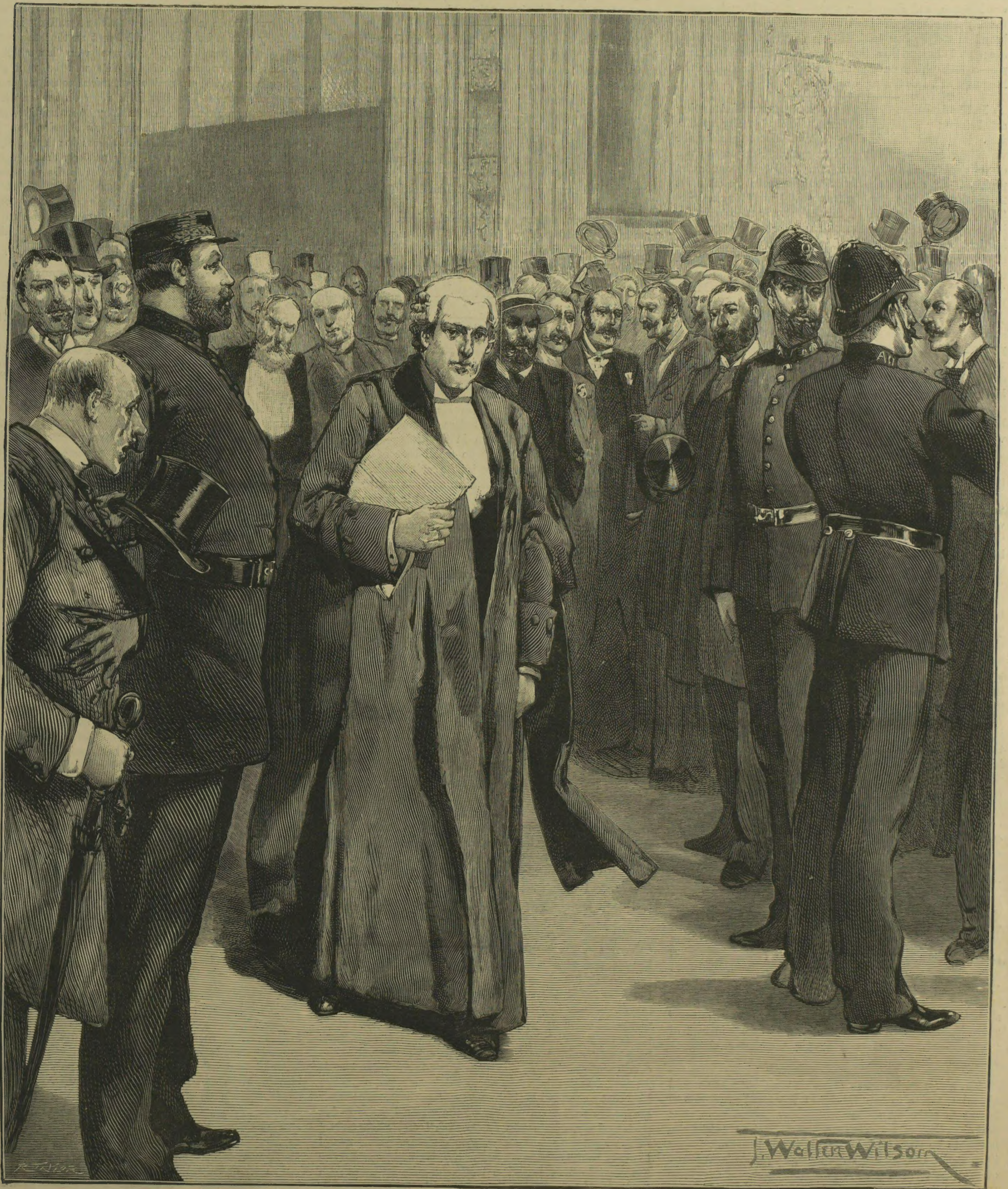
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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PASSAGE OF THE HOME RULE BILL FROM THE COMMONS TO THE LORDS, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 2.

At five minutes past one the Home Rule Bill passed the Commons by a majority of 34: Ayes, 301; Noes, 267. Cheered by the throng in the outer lobby, Sir Reginald Palgrave, Clerk of the Commons, conveyed the Bill to the Lords, where, at eight minutes past one, it was read a first time *nom. con.*, six peers being present.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The correspondents on the misuse of words seem to forget that it is our great writers, and not our great readers or even our dictionary-makers, that form the language; and also, what even the classical Johnson found himself forced to admit, that general use is in itself a sufficient authority for a word from however corrupt a source it may be originally derived. The chief bone of contention is the misapplication or misspelling of foreign words; but if they have become Anglicised their defence rests on similar grounds. The use of foreign words in English composition at all, in nine cases out of ten, is unnecessary, and evinces either ignorance or affectation. The whole system of our menus, whether rightly or wrongly so called, is pretentious, and therefore vulgar; that their French is bad is only to be expected—one does not look to one's gardener for good Latin—but there is no earthly reason why they should not be written in English. In the majority of cases the dishes are English, and when they are not so the French names usually describe them about as accurately as the Spanish brand on a cigar-box indicates its contents. Few things are more ludicrous than to see our raspberry-and-currant pie—a dish unknown out of our island—described in the language of a less favoured nation.

In the American *Critic* there is a curious and interesting article upon "Social Test-Words." This is really a much more important matter than that of misused words, for we may misuse words in good company, whereas the use of words that are not "good form" is fatal to our social position. Of course, the American standpoint is different from our own. The very phrase "good form," for example, the correctness of which in this country is open to doubt, is readily accepted by the Transatlantic writer as "expressing just what can be expressed in no other way." Instead of the word "correctness," which has nothing to do with social matters, I should myself have used the word "gentility," but for the ban under which it lies. It has been decreed by an unwritten law that it is hopelessly vulgar, worse even than the word "gentlemanly," though, as one of the *Times* correspondents on the subject has pointed out, if "manly" is accepted by the best circles, why not "gentlemanly"? Of course, by the "best circles" is not meant "smart people," but persons of good birth and breeding. If, says the American writer, a woman says to him, "I love tomatyoes; I think they're elegant," he should "place her quite low down in the social scale," which does not sound uncharitable.

But his own views, as far as pronunciation goes, seem peculiar. "Both in England and America," he says, "it seems to be an established fact that the words, 'novel,' 'curtain,' 'certain,' 'satin,' and 'Latin,' should be abbreviated in the last syllable, and made into 'nov'l,' 'curt'n,' 'cert'n,' 'sat'n,' and 'Lat'n,'" and he regrets that, this being so, the children in American public schools are still taught to say "novel," "satin," and "Latin," which, "if they take a good position in after-life, will stamp them as having belonged to a lower one." This rather takes one's breath away, and one does not get it again when the writer goes on to tell us that his carpenter talks about "cur-tins," instead of "curt'ns," which proves that a very respectable young man may not be a model of pronunciation. However, this only shows that the social test-words in America are very different from those of our own country, some of which, indeed, are quite peculiar to it. The calling a contemporary of our own rank "Sir," for instance (except in correspondence), or by his name with the "Mr." before it, when we are well acquainted with him, is a sign of our not having been always in such good society as that in which we are at present. A still more certain proof of this is the use of the word "gentleman" instead of "man." No one who has been to public school, or who has mixed from the first with the upper classes, ever says "A gentleman was telling me the other day" when speaking of a man of his own rank; he says "A man"; whereas the self-made man invariably says "A gentleman," unconsciously, perhaps, reverting to the period when the fact of being addressed by such on equal terms was exceptional. There are, on the other hand, some words obnoxious to scholars which, nevertheless, are in constant use among well born and tolerably educated people—as, for example, "reliable"; and there are others used by scholars, and even by minor poets, such as "tireless," as applied to a wing, which has no existence in the language except in connection with a wheel. It should, of course, be "untiring." Finally, there are some vulgarisms, such as the use of "commence" instead of "begin"—almost universal among the lower classes—which are inexplicable.

The strike of the golf caddies at Blackburn one would almost conceive to be a device of the great employers of labour to make all strikes ridiculous. For a more easy post than that of a caddie for which to find a substitute is hardly to be conceived. Yet they have "gone out" upon the question of receiving sixpence or fourpence for a round of nine holes. They have, we read, picketed the links "to prevent the engagement of any knobsticks" (which in their case means any persons carrying them), and in all respects have parodied the behaviour of our strikers, with one, alas! important exception—that they have no trade

union from which to draw an allowance. The calling of the caddie is a very pleasant one—indeed, like the fountains, "when they work they only play"—but it is precarious, being dependent upon the weather and the seasons; moreover, it leads to nothing. "Once a captain always a captain" is supposed to be a social advantage, but once a caddie always a caddie has no such significance. Moreover, what is worst of all as regards their present attitude, they are a luxury and not a necessity; their employers can do without them and carry their clubs for themselves. One cannot but pity folks so heavily handicapped, and members, too, of so ancient a profession. Tytler of Woodhouselee tells us that he often conversed with one Andrew Dickson, who, as a boy, carried the clubs for James II., when Duke of York, on Leith links, and ran before him to show where the balls fell. This shows that his Royal Highness was of an economical turn, and did not indulge in a "fore caddie." It is well known that when playing golf on the same links his father, Charles I., heard the news of that insurrection which proved to be the beginning of the end.

Confession, though good for the soul, is often very bad for the body. It must be particularly disagreeable to have made a clean breast of it without occasion. That is what an individual has done who, bivouacking out with three others on the Thames Embankment on a very hot night, was interfered with by a constable. It may not have been a legal dormitory, but the open air must have seemed preferable to that of the casual ward. If I had been the constable I should have remembered the proverb "Let sleeping dogs lie." He insisted, however, upon "moving them on," whereupon they treated him like Daddy Long Legs in the nursery ballad. They took him by the left leg and threw him down stairs—into the river. One of the men has given himself up to the police because he could not rest from remorse at the thought of having drowned him. This is one of the unfortunate results of having no money, for if he had had but a penny he could have bought a newspaper with it, and found that the constable had swum to land.

"Let others chute," quoted a young gentleman, ruefully, whose shiny hat and summer suit the other day had suffered from his intrepidity at Earl's Court. He was under the impression that he had performed a feat scarcely inferior to the descent into the maelstrom as described by Mr. Poe, and was quite content to rest upon his (wet) laurels. But there have been great men before Agamemnon. The Londoner who first went down in the diving-bell at the Polytechnic doubtless thought no small beer of himself; and likewise the first passenger by the switchback. But I can remember a very much more hazardous metropolitan expedition, which for those who took part in it was really worth talking about—namely, the Centrifugal Railway. This was situated in a hall in Windmill Street, and consisted merely of an immense circle, the termini of which were situated in opposite galleries. A can of milk filled to the brim was placed in a large iron car, which was simply let go from one end. In a fraction of a second it had been whirled round the circle, bottom upwards, and arrived at the other end without spilling a drop. The centrifugal force had not given time for the milk to turn. Then they put a cat in the car, and before she could mew she was where the milk had started from. It was the most terrible exhibition of speed it was possible to imagine. The journey from one gallery to the other was literally accomplished in a flash. It is customary to speak of Cockneys with contempt, but there is nothing that some Londoners will not dare to do, if there is only enough people to see them do it. To trust oneself in an open car, utterly without protection as to falling out, and flying at a rate which made that of an express railway train, by comparison, a snail's pace, was sufficiently alarming, but to think that half the distance was to be travelled with one's head downwards was a reflection to make most people pause, unless they had a very strong belief in science indeed. The risk was taken, however, over and over again, amid the most rapturous applause, and not until two persons had been killed on the spot—when Government interfered and forbade it—did the exhibition close.

The holiday season can scarcely be said to have been enlivened by the recent discussion on the ethics of suicide. Except the suggestion that a lethal chamber should be provided by the State for the convenience of passengers to the other world, there is little of novelty in the matter. It is quite curious, however, to note how all the old stock arguments, whether for or against the practice, are advanced under the impression that they see the light for the first time. One party affirms that since we are not consulted about coming into the world, it is superfluous to ask leave to quit it; and that if things are made intolerable for us, it is a hint that we are at liberty to escape from them. The other quotes the well-worn parable of the sentinel quitting his post, and denounces him as "selfish" and "cowardly." Selfish he may be, but cowardly is certainly not the word to apply to the unhappy wretch who for any reason dares the leap into the dark. The toothache may be borne with fortitude, but the having the tooth out is, for the moment, a greater act of courage. It must be also admitted that a man who, in addition to suffering from some cruel disease, finds himself a burden to the family of which he has

hitherto been the breadwinner, is not to be classed in the same category with the man who leaves others behind him to feel his loss. What is very strange, no one seems able to discover that any canon has been fixed against self-slaughter except in the imagination of Shakspeare.

Some years ago certain false and offensive statements were published by an anonymous "lady" in an English magazine, under the misleading title of "Reminiscences of Charles Dickens." Let us hope that it is the same person who furnishes similar garbage to the current number of an American magazine. She describes herself as having "witnessed" the following scene at a dinner party in Boston: "In the course of the entertainment a discussion arose among the gentlemen as to which was the most beautiful woman, the Duchess of Sutherland or Mrs. (sic) Caroline Norton. 'Well, I don't know,' said Dickens, expanding himself in his green velvet waistcoat, 'Mrs. Norton is the most beautiful, but the Duchess, to my mind, is the more kissable person.'" The writer goes on to say that if a bombshell had burst it would not have made a greater sensation, and it is about as likely that a bombshell did burst as that the remark in question was made. Anyone who knew Charles Dickens at any period of his life will be well aware that such a speech, on such an occasion, could never have proceeded from his lips, but it is right that those who did not know him should be informed by one who did that the statement is a falsehood. The writer's allusion to "Mrs. Caroline Norton" sufficiently indicates her knowledge of society, and makes it exceedingly unlikely that she could have been at any such entertainment as she describes in the character of a guest. There is some stuff about "the very refined and cultivated men and women in Boston" at that period not being sorry to "pass Dickens on to New York," which is in the same execrable taste and doubtless equally untrustworthy.

The year '93 will probably long be famous for having been the finest summer known to England. But it will also be remembered as the wasp or (as it is more commonly pronounced) the "waps" year. To speak poetically, it has been the year of the Blue-Bag—an article not to be confounded with the luggage affected by the lawyers. It has been in more constant use this summer than any article in the pharmacopœia. "Have you a blue-bag?" has been the question put by many a young lady-visitor to her hostess on arriving at a country house; but the wiser virgins bring one with them. The "wapses" have not only been a nuisance, but a positive plague. They have haunted the peach "with fretful persistence," and when you swallowed it there was one inside which stung your throat; this was dangerous, and if it swelled, necessitated the insertion of a silver tube, and while it was being sent for you had to do the best you could with a marrow-spoon. It is all very well to say, "If you don't interfere with them they won't interfere with you," but when they mix with your marmalade and settle on your nose, that is interference. Optimists tell us that there is good in everything, but no one who is stung by a wasp is an optimist, as regards that insect, for at least twenty minutes. Sir John Lubbock, indeed, is of opinion that it only stings through a certain timidity, just as some people explain the most brutal acts of rudeness by the shyness of the offender; but to the man who feels one crawling over his bald head it seems bold enough. Sir John is a still more strenuous advocate of the bee, yet the bee has behaved this summer almost as infamously as the wasp: neither of them has the least sense of justice, but when annoyed with one person, stings another; just as a nurse once explained to a lady of my acquaintance, who remonstrated with her for beating the baby: "Well, Ma'am, my temper is short, and somebody must get it." The last act of the bees, I read, was to sting a couple of horses and a flock of geese to death, because a goat had overturned their hive. The unusual heat seems to have brought on insect life all over the world. In Mexico there are more scorpions than Mexicans, and the Government have put a price upon their heads—or rather their tails—of so much a hundred, like prawns. The belief that scorpions commit suicide under any circumstances is, it seems, all rubbish; but they are always ready for manslaughter. Near Natal, we are told that a ship passed through "six miles of floating locusts," and in Algiers a flight of these creatures "obscured the sun for three hours," which seems to be the only shade that country has enjoyed.

In an age of loquacity like the present, Herr Pollak, of the World's Fair, should find himself in a high position. Without pretending to eloquence, he claims to be the fastest talker in the universe. He can repeat twenty thousand words in forty minutes, and offers a prize of forty thousand florins to any stenographer who will take him down. This beats Charles Mathews in his "patter" songs, every word of which was as distinctly pronounced as in ordinary speech. As a speaker "against time" in Parliament, wherein speed, strange to say, is of no consequence, Herr Pollak's gift would be useless, but, under the new system of closure, he would be invaluable. By the clock, he might have only ten minutes to spare, but five thousand words is a tolerably long oration even for the House of Commons. It is true he tells us he cannot be reported, but that is a circumstance which, in Parliamentary oratory, is not always to be regretted.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

There is an end in the Commons of the Home Rule Bill, and the cheers which greeted the third reading were cheers of relief as well as of party victory. I cannot say that the closing debate contributed any new idea, or even a new phrase, to the controversy. Mr. Gladstone plunged into the whole subject once more with unexhausted energy; Mr. Chamberlain recited his objections to the Bill with great force; Mr. Balfour laboured through an argument with the weary air of a man who says to himself, "This thing cannot become law, but let us make one more effort to take it seriously"; and Mr. Morley frankly put the Bill aside, and adventured into genial recriminations. One of these had the happy fortune to tickle everybody. Mr. Morley said that Mr. T. W. Russell had spoken of the "aboriginal Irish," and Mr. Russell explained that the phrase had occurred in an extract from Macaulay which he had read to the House. "It may be a great want of literary tact on my part," retorted the Chief Secretary, "but I really did not know where Lord Macaulay ended and where the honourable member began." Mr. Wallace favoured the House with another series of witticisms not quite so successful as the first. He compared the Prime Minister to Jeremy Diddler, Sam Slick, the patriarch Jacob, and the Heathen Chinee. Mr. Gladstone must have had a surfeit of personal parallels this Session. Not to mention Herod, he has been likened to half-a-dozen Biblical and historical personages, including James II. The third reading debate was signalled by a speech from Sir Edward Grey, who remarked with refreshing simplicity that he was one of the Ministers who had taken no part in the previous stages of the Bill. For this abstinence the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs made amends by undertaking to reply to Mr. Chamberlain—a courageous proceeding which was watched by the House with interest and apprehension. It must be said that Sir Edward acquitted himself very well, and the fatherly and grandfatherly anxiety on the Treasury bench gradually relaxed into approving smiles. Mr. Chamberlain followed the performance with a critical but not unfriendly air, and the old stagers on the front Opposition bench had the magnanimous aspect of spectators who would have liked to say "Go it, young 'un!" but refrained out of deference to the Speaker. This is one of those incidents in which the House is seen at its best, for party feeling is for the moment subordinated to a general desire to encourage youthful talent. But I must beg Sir Edward Grey to give some preparation to the form as well as to the matter of his orations. Sentences which have a tendency to stagger, like the gentlemen who deliver coal out of the sacks into the circular aperture in the pavement leading to the cellar, need a good deal of training before they acquire a sinewy grace.

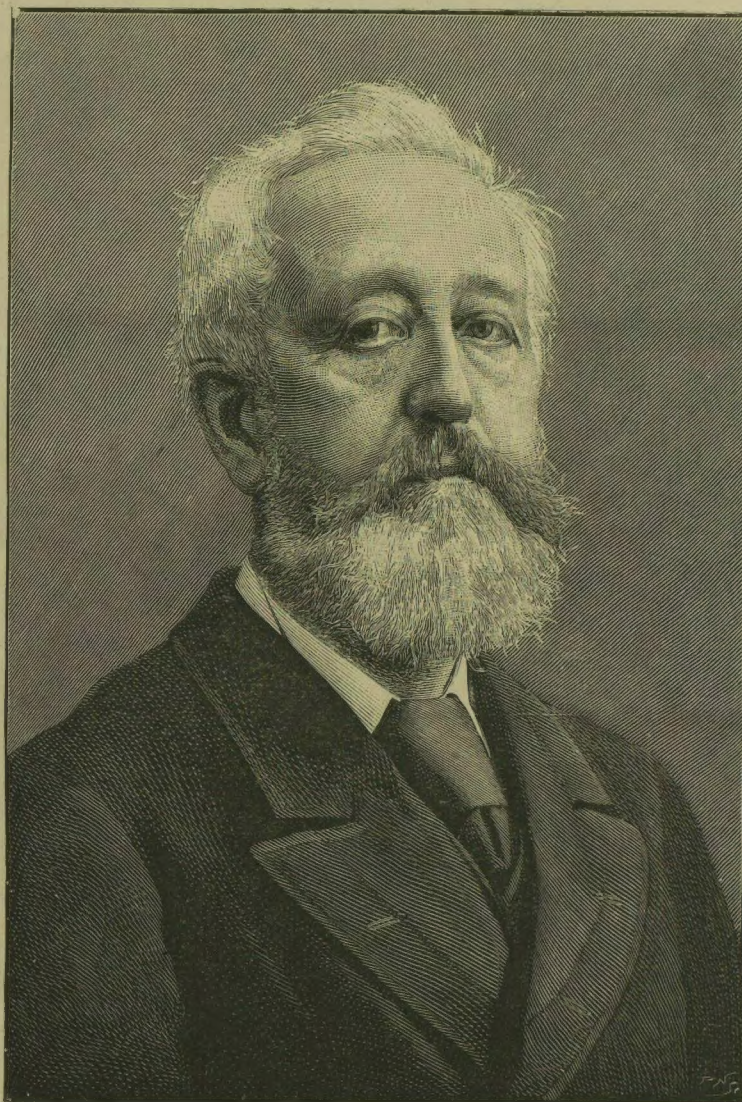
Having got their great Bill through the Commons, the Government have now to reckon with Messrs. Hanbury, Bowles, and Bartley. Since Horatius and his comrades kept the bridge in the brave days of old, there has been nothing so heroic as the resistance of Mr. Bowles and his coadjutors in Supply. Mr. Gladstone came down with a resolution to take all the time of the House not only for the rest of the normal Session, but also for the autumn sittings which are to begin on the second day of November. With his usual wiliness the Old Parliamentary Hand had abated somewhat of the rigour of his motion as it originally stood, and the official leaders of the Opposition, while protesting against the idea of any autumn sittings, showed a disposition to meet the Government halfway. This arrangement was all very well for the two front benches, but it did not reckon with Mr. Bowles. The member for King's Lynn disowned Mr. Balfour, and proceeded to argue in his most judicial vein of persiflage that the House was asked to forego its customary holiday at this season at the arbitrary will and pleasure of "thirty-six placemen." The Thirty Tyrants of Syracuse were humane and enlightened compared with the Thirty-six Dictators of the Liberal party. "Who are these gentlemen?" asked Mr. Bowles. "They have salaries and places, but do these emoluments make them any better than the unsalaried and unplaced private members? The idea is absurd. Then consider the fact that only forty members were needed to make a quorum, of which thirty-six would be these same placemen, who if viewed in any really Constitutional light had no business to be in that House at all." Mr. Bowles was about to quote Constitutional authorities of equal eminence with himself to show that the proper sphere for Ministers of the Crown was anywhere except the House of Commons, when the long-suffering Mr. Mellor interposed with the reminder that this had nothing to do with the amendment then under consideration. Mr. T. W. Russell moved that Saturday sittings in the autumn should be removed from the scope of Mr. Gladstone's resolution, and Mr. Bartley moved that they should be limited to financial business. These amendments were defeated, and, after several hours' debate the Government carried their point by the use of the closure, amidst a cry of "Gag" from the undaunted Three, who forthwith plunged into Supply, just as Horatius dived into the Tiber with his armour on his back.

But this was not the only trouble of the Government. They had announced that the autumn sittings would be devoted to the Parish Councils Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill. The London Radical members were

promptly up in arms. These measures were very well in their way, but what about the Bill for equalising London rates? Mr. James Stuart said he had heard the decision of the Cabinet with "disgust and dismay." Mr. George Howell, soaring to unwonted heights of passion, solemnly vowed that thenceforward he would be an independent member, a declaration which was received with derisive mirth from the Opposition benches. Then Sir Wilfrid Lawson wanted to know why the autumn sittings could not be given to that "non-controversial" measure, the Local Veto Bill, whereat there was more mirth. Altogether, it was a pleasant warning to the Government that a compact and well-harnessed team can kick over the traces.

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

The choice of General Sir Henry Norman, a highly distinguished veteran soldier most experienced in Indian military service, but hitherto not regarded as an eminent statesman, to be Viceroy of the Indian Empire, has taken many political speculators upon such appointments by surprise. It may perhaps be interpreted as a sign of the intention of Government henceforth to reserve great affairs of Imperial policy, which are becoming more closely connected with Foreign Office considerations regarding the attitude of Russia and France, to the immediate care of Ministers in London. Sir Henry Norman has been five years Governor of Jamaica, and



SIR HENRY NORMAN, G.C.B., THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.

nearly five years Governor of the Australian colony of Queensland, but neither of those offices could be supposed by itself to be sufficient ordeal of political ability for so vast a charge as the rule of two hundred and fifty millions of Asiatic subjects. He is, doubtless, a good administrator, and will probably not be expected to initiate any grand scheme of conquest or diplomacy on the side either of Afghanistan or of Siam. The bare recital of his military and official services in India proves that Sir Henry Norman's special knowledge must be great enough to render him master of all the details of military organisation and defence. It is the history of half a century. He joined the Bengal Army in 1844, and served as Adjutant to the 31st Native Infantry throughout the Punjab Campaign in 1848-49, including the passage of the Chenab action of Sordoolapore, battles of Chilianwalla and Goojerat, the pursuit of the Sikhs and Afghans; as Brigade Major or Assistant Adjutant-General, engaged in numerous affairs and expeditions on the Peshawur frontier in the years 1850-51-52-53-54; in 1855 in the Sonthal Campaign in command of a detachment; in the Mutiny Campaigns of 1857-58-59, as Assistant Adjutant-General or Deputy Adjutant-General, and the greater part of the time as Adjutant-General to the Army in the field; he served throughout the siege of Delhi; in all the actions under Greathed and Grant from Delhi to Lucknow; the relief of Lucknow, and the operations at Cawnpore; action at Khodagunge, and reoccupation of Futteghur; siege and capture of Lucknow, March 1858; campaign in Rohilcund (wounded at the action of Bareilly); campaign in Oude, cold season of 1858-59, including several actions. He was Assistant Military Secretary to the Horse Guards; in 1862, Military Secretary to the Government of India; in 1870, member of the Viceroy's Council; and in 1878, member of the Council of India in London.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.

Some account has already been given of this funeral, on Monday, Aug. 28, and our special artists sent to Germany for that occasion furnish several sketches. The body of Duke Ernest lay in state at the Castle of Rheinhardtstrunn, at Gotha, where he died, till the morning of that day, when the coffin, borne by twelve foresters, was carried to the neighbouring railway station, and was thence conveyed by a special train to Coburg for interment in the church of St. Moritz. The funeral procession, on foot, from the Coburg railway station to the church, included the German Emperor William, Duke Alfred of Coburg, the King of Saxony, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Alfred of Coburg, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and several other Princes. The widowed Duchess Alexandrina was present at the funeral service in the church. The streets of Coburg, which were draped in black along the route of the procession, were crowded with thousands of spectators. Duke Alfred, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, issued a proclamation announcing his accession to the Dukedom, and declaring that he has set before himself, as the chief task of his life, the administration of right and justice and the advancement of the prosperity of the country. The Duke adds that he will always maintain that loyalty towards the German Emperor and the Empire which his late uncle, Duke Ernest, displayed.

German national sentiment has no reasonable cause to be jealous of the accession of an English Prince, the second son of the good German Prince Consort of our Queen, to this ducal sovereignty, which is, certainly, though confined to two or three small Thuringian territories with a population of 200,000, one of much historical interest, and is represented by one vote in the Federal Council and by two deputies to the Reichstag of the German Empire. The other Thuringian States are the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, the Duchies of Saxe-Meiningen and Saxe-Altenburg, and four small Principalities, each represented in the Federal Diet. Prince Bismarck recently accused the Imperial Chancellor, Count von Caprivi, of an insidious design to deprive these minor German States of Home Rule; but the Emperor's regard for the Ducal House of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and for his ancestry on the maternal side, cannot be doubted. In presenting a new portrait of his Serene Highness Duke Alfred, who is also his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent, and Earl of Ulster, we need not again recite his claims on the respect of Englishmen, not only as one of the Queen's sons, but as an able and diligent officer of the British Navy, in which he has served over thirty years. Since 1879 he has held the posts of Admiral Superintendent of the Naval Reserve, Commander of the Channel Squadron and of the Mediterranean Squadron, and Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. He was elected King of Greece in 1862, but did not accept the throne. In 1874 he married the Russian Grand Duchess Marie, only sister of the present Emperor Alexander III.; and he has one son, Prince Alfred, not quite nineteen years of age, the future Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and four daughters, the eldest of whom is the Crown Princess of Roumania. His Royal Highness will now probably retire from the naval service of Great Britain.

THE WELSH COLLIERY STRIKE RIOTS.

An increasing majority of the colliers in South Wales continue to return to work, and it was calculated on Tuesday, Sept. 5, that not more than twenty per cent. remained on strike. But a mass meeting of from 15,000 to 20,000 persons, held at Pontypridd on Saturday, Sept. 2, carried resolutions hostile to the sliding scale of wages, and refusing to return to work except on certain concessions being made to the hauliers.

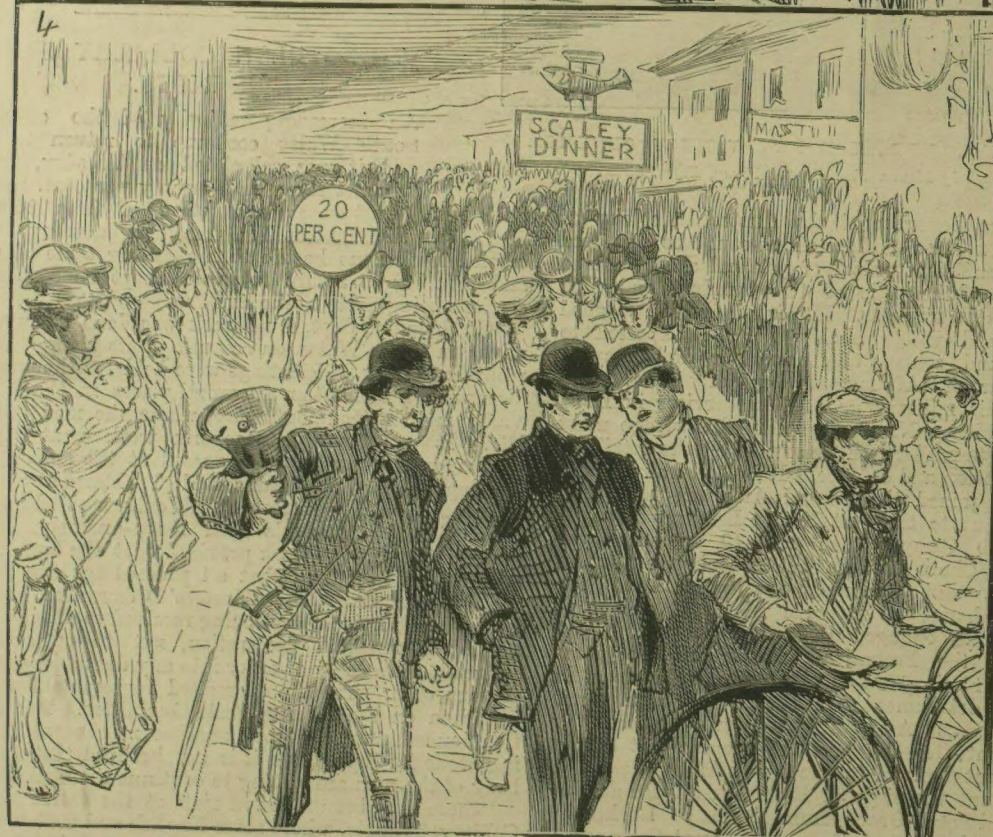
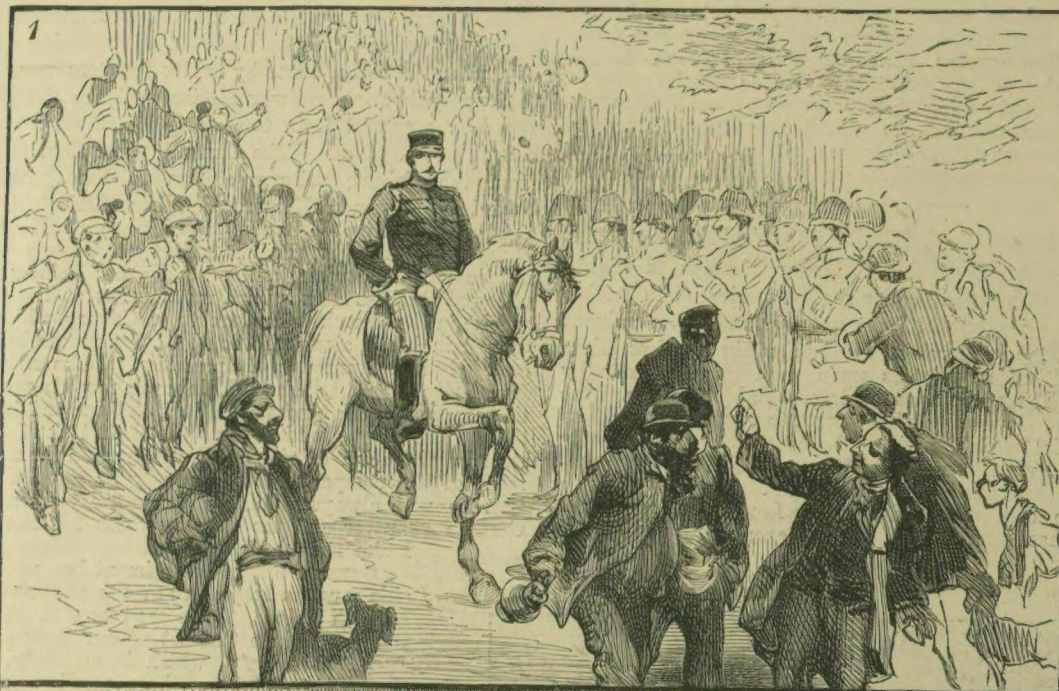
On Monday, Sept. 4, no work was done at any of the mines in South Wales, on account of its being "Mabon's monthly holiday." Meetings were held for the purpose of discussing the situation at several places in the Rhondda Valley and in Monmouthshire, where the men were still idle. It was resolved to resume work next day. In pursuance of the resolution passed at the Rocking Stone meeting, Messrs. J. Evans and T. Morgan proceeded to Cardiff to lay before the Coalowners' Emergency Committee the proposals then made—namely, that the men would return to work provided that the hauliers were paid their wages, and that all proceedings against them were withdrawn. The Masters' Committee, however, declined to receive them, being resolved to adhere to their previously repeated declaration, not to entertain any suggestions made by or enter into any discussions with any persons other than the accredited representatives of the workmen on the Sliding Scale Committee. The deputation immediately convened another meeting at the Rocking Stone for Sept. 6, but it is not believed that any large body of the men are willing to continue the strike.

There have been renewed riots at the Great Mountain Colliery, Trimble, where some English and Scotch colliers, brought in by the managers, were attacked by the Welsh strikers on Monday, and Mr. Beith, the local manager, had the furniture of his house destroyed, his wife badly hurt, and the cashier, Mr. Watson, savagely assaulted.

Serious rioting has taken place also in Derbyshire and South Yorkshire, in the Alfreton district, near Chesterfield, and at the Silkstone, Rockingham, and Rylands' Main Collieries, near Barnsley, and at Sutton-in-Ashfield.

THE COLLIERIES STRIKE IN SOUTH WALES.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



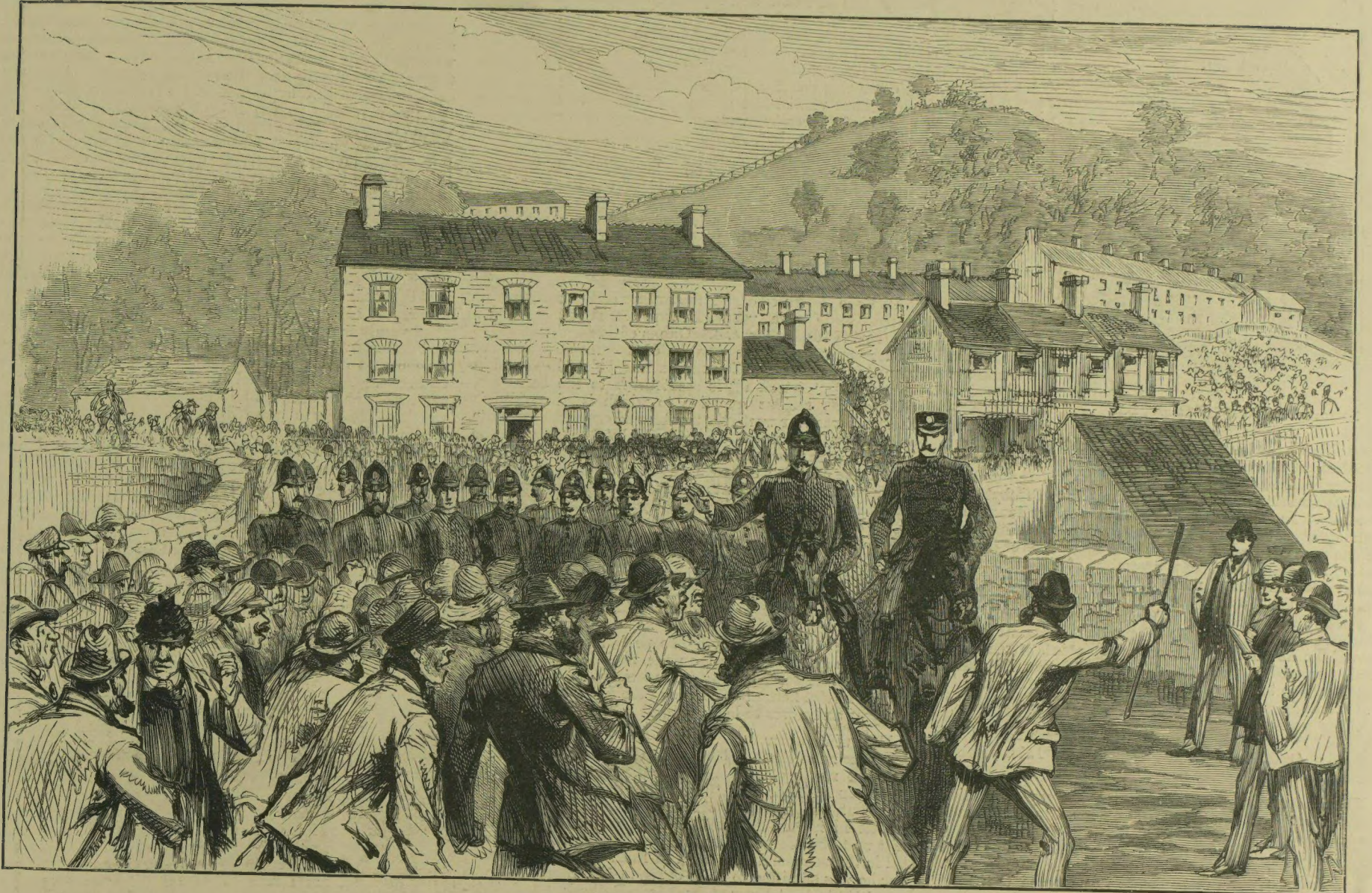
1. March of strikers to the Ferndale pits: hooting those coming from work.
4. Two thousand strikers passing up the main street of Merthyr.

2. A striker and his dog.
5. Halt on the way to the Merthyr meeting.

3. Women and children bringing bread and cheese to the men at the Merthyr meeting.

THE COLLIERIES STRIKE IN SOUTH WALES.

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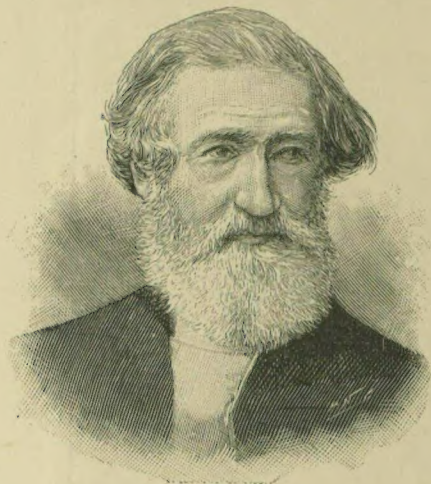
STOPPING THE PASSAGE ON PONTYGWAITH BRIDGE.



THE ROCKING STONE NEAR PONTYPRIDD, A MEETING-PLACE OF THE WELSH MINERS.

PERSONAL.

The Scotch Established Church has lost one of its greatest ornaments by the death of Dr. John Cunningham, Principal and



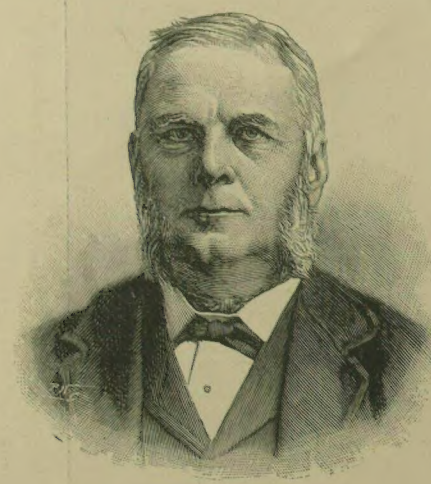
THE LATE REV. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, D.D.

Primary Professor of Divinity in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. John Cunningham was a distinguished pupil of Sir William Hamilton and John Wilson, (Christopher North). After forty years' incumbency of the parish of Crieff, he succeeded Principal Tulloch at St. Andrews University. Dr. Cunningham was remarkable for the tolerance and the breadth of his culture. He took a prominent part in the great organ controversy, and introduced into his church at Crieff one of the earliest of the instruments which gave such a shock to Presbyterian orthodoxy. In those days the organ was freely denounced as an agent of the nether world. Dr. Cunningham's sermons were even more advanced than his ideas of church music. He scandalised one assembly of theologians by frankly declaring that none of them believed in the authority of the Apostles' Creed. When he was proposed as Moderator of the General Assembly of 1886, one orthodox champion protested that "certain recent utterances of the Reverend Doctor on certain points of Christian doctrine seemed to him so objectionable that he found himself unable to give silent acquiescence on his elevation." Dr. Cunningham triumphed over this kind of opposition by sheer personal force and unfailing geniality. His principal literary work embraced "The Church History of Scotland" (1859) and "The Quakers, an International History" (1869).

There is always a sadness in the literary reputation which is cut short in the making. Mr. Francis Adams, who has died of consumption at the early age of thirty, was an Australian journalist who attracted considerable attention in this country by his articles and sketches. A certain aggressiveness and narrowness marred the effect of his earlier work, but he showed a ripening observation and a distinct growth of literary gift before his health began to fail. One of his books gave a vivid account of Australian character and ideas. During a visit to Egypt soon after the crisis caused by the attempted revolt of the young Khedive against British authority, Mr. Adams interviewed Abbas Pasha, and subsequently stated his impressions of that ruler with rather startling frankness. Mr. Adams had a considerable faculty for story-telling, but this unfortunately had no time to develop before ambition was quenched by disease.

This is the time of year when people in humble circumstances suddenly come into large fortunes. They are generally miners, or mill-hands, sometimes inmates of workhouses, and the fortunes are usually left by distant relatives dying in remote parts of the world. There is a slight variation of the rule in the case of a young lady of Blackburn, who, although a domestic servant, is "highly educated and of superior appearance." Her father was a "colonel in the Guards," and she has inherited ninety-three thousand pounds. It might have been ninety or a hundred thousand, but such figures would have excited incredulity. It is the odd three thousand which gives the tale the stamp of truth. Heirs and heiresses in such circumstances have been known to lose their heads, but the colonel's daughter is superior to that folly. She has "refused to leave her place till her mistress is suited." It is well to know that there are such lofty spirits in the world.

The death of Sir William Cusins from acute pneumonia, which occurred in the Engadine on Thursday, Aug. 31,



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM CUSINS.

came quite as a surprise and shock to his friends in London. There had not been the least foreshadowing of the sad event, and everyone imagined that the deceased musician was away enjoying his holiday in his usual excellent health. Barely three months had elapsed since we announced Sir William's

conductor of the Sarasate Concerts. It may also be surmised that his intention was to devote himself to the branch of his art which interested him most—that of composition. Of late years Sir William Cusins had done comparatively little in this direction, and beyond an overture or two, and a few chamber works, he had produced nothing of importance since his oratorio "Gideon" (Gloucester Festival, 1871), which, by-the-way, was revived by the Highbury Philharmonic Society last spring. His ability as a composer was not of a very remarkable order, but he was an excellent pianist and a first-rate teacher. His powers as a *chef-d'orchestre* were the subject of considerable variety of opinion, but, on the whole, the fact that he held for seventeen years the post of conductor of the Philharmonic Society is the best evidence of his talent in this direction. Certain it is that no one else ever filled the same position for anything near the same length of time. In the conductorship of the Queen's private band he was succeeded last June by Sir Walter Parratt, Mus. Doc., organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and his death leaves a vacancy on the staff of the Guildhall School of Music.

Little is known either of the author or the composer of the new comic opera, "Peterkin," produced at the Royalty Theatre on Monday, Sept. 4. One is entitled, therefore, to feel less surprise at the poverty of the libretto and the complete lack of originality and technical skill displayed in the music. "Peterkin" is amateurish to the backbone, and the only serious question to which it gives rise is whether it was ever worth the trouble and expense of mounting at a London theatre. There is absolutely nothing in the story, not even a *soupeon* of humour to justify the designation of the opera as belonging to the comic species, while the suggestion of incidents connected with the projected invasion of the Kentish coast by the First Napoleon turns out to be a delusion and a snare. The scene of the action might just as well be laid in Kautchatka. There are some diverting features in the music, certainly, but they are of a kind probably not intended by the composer—an Italian who appears to have got no further than the old-fashioned scores of his illustrious countrymen of the early part of this century. The performance proved, if possible, more amateurish than the work. Criticism upon it would, therefore, be wasted, especially as "Peterkin," after its fretful hour of existence at the Royalty, is likely to disappear and never to be seen again.

Following upon the death of the Rev. F. O. Morris comes the news that the Church has lost another naturalist from the ranks of her clergy by the death at Bath of the Rev. Leonard Blomefield. He had entered his ninety-first year, but, in spite of old age, preserved the keenest interest in nature and natural science. Mr. Blomefield went up to St. John's, Cambridge, when the century was still in its teens, and graduated in 1822. In the following year he was admitted to holy orders. Mr. Blomefield was from 1840 to 1854 Vicar of Swaffham-Bulbeck, Cambridgeshire, but he had long ceased to fill any cure of souls. He was the oldest member of the Linnean Society, established the Bath Field and Antiquarian Club, and presented the local museum with a library and herbarium. Only two years ago he lectured before the Bath Selborne Society.

Lord Aberdeen will find a warm welcome awaiting him when he reaches Canada. Already he is a Canadian citizen by virtue of a fruit farm which he bought some time since from the British Columbia Commissioner of Lands, and which, true Scot that he is, he named Guisachan, in pleasant memory of the old home of the firs where he and Lady Aberdeen have spent so many happy years. But the new Governor is a Canadian in more than name. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the aims of the young colony, and has already by voice and pen in Canada, here in England, and in the very citadel of the Munro doctrine, Chicago itself, done not a little to spread a knowledge of its resources and encourage a faith in its future destiny. Lord Dufferin charmed the Canadian people twenty years ago with his word pictures in eulogy of the natural wealth and beauty of their country, and Lord Aberdeen has shown every desire to follow in his footsteps. He has, moreover, had enough experience in the craft of statesmanship to make him a safe and acceptable representative of the Sovereign. Lady Aberdeen will also find plenty to do in Canada. She will see much to encourage her in the growing strength of the woman's rights cause in the various provinces, and her inauguration of the "Lady Aberdeen Association" to brighten and sweeten the lonely life of the prairie settler suggests all manner of channels for her kindly activities.

Nearly every newspaper forgot to give the credit of the admirable statue of the late Henry Richard, M.P., recently unveiled at Tregaron, to that talented sculptor Mr. Albert Toft. In our issue of Sept. 2, when a reproduction of the statue appeared, Mr. Toft's handiwork was not attributed, through an error, to that gentleman—an omission which is all the more regrettable owing to the many compliments passed upon the statue by those most competent to judge.

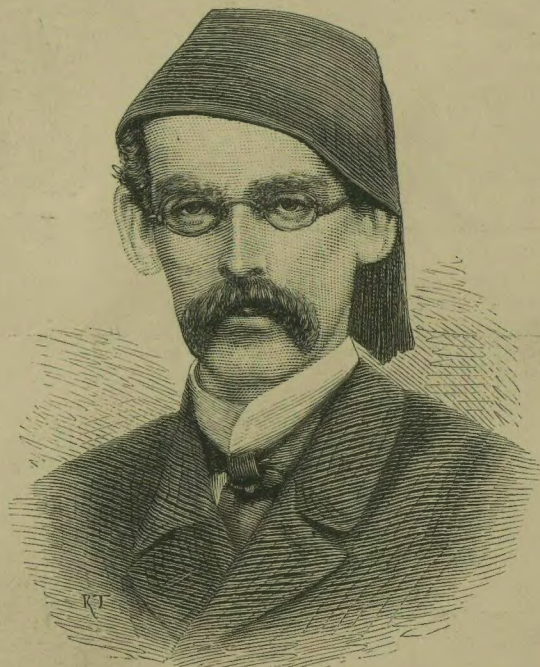
M. René Goblet, who will probably lead the Radicals in the new French Parliament, in place of M. Clémenceau, has already played an important part in the Government of the Third Republic. He has been, in turn, Under-Secretary of State for Justice, Minister of the Interior in M. de Freycinet's Cabinet, Minister of Education and Public Worship under MM. Brisson and De Freycinet, and finally, on the fall of the latter, he was asked by M. Grévy to become Prime Minister, which he did, bestowing on himself the additional offices of Minister of the Interior and Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Goblet has now been out of political life for four years, for at the elections which took place in 1889 he lost his seat owing to a coalition of the Extreme Right, or Conservative party, with the Boulangists. His return will be hailed with great satisfaction by the advanced Republicans.

M. Goblet will be sixty-five years of age on the 26th of this month. Like most French politicians, he began life as a barrister, and to this day wears the old-fashioned mutton-chop whiskers were considered till quite lately the badge of "Messieurs les Avocats." His reputation as an orator and as a Republican was made at Amiens, and he

was already a middle-aged man when the Franco-German War brought his party into power, and the National Assembly made him Attorney-General and persuaded him to resign his provincial appointments in order to enter political life. Like the late Jules Ferry, M. Goblet is a great worker. His hobby is primary education, and it was owing to his efforts that primary schools were established all over France. He is one of the few French politicians who willingly entertain new ideas, and he has carried through many long-needed practical reforms. Although constantly attacked by his political adversaries, M. Goblet has many friends in the French journalistic world, for when occasion has arisen he has always vigorously defended the Press, and has taken a special interest in the "Société des Gens de Lettres," to whom he accorded when last in power the right to organise a public lottery.

M. Clémenceau is left without a seat in the French Chamber, and M. Paul de Cassagnac is in the same predicament. The absence of M. de Cassagnac ought to contribute a good deal to the sobriety of public business. For years this eccentric Bonapartist, journalist, and duellist was the most disturbing element in the Chamber. When the report of a "scene" ended with the statement that, after vainly ringing his bell, the President put on his hat and declared the sitting closed, the chances were a hundred to one that it was Paul de Cassagnac who provoked the outbreak. As the typical fire-eater he has never been surpassed; as a politician he has never carried the smallest weight. He was a noted duellist in the days when the duello had not become ridiculous, and his encounter with M. Gustave Flourens in 1869 is still remembered as a combat which was not pure histrionics. He enlisted as a Zouave in the Franco-German War, and was taken prisoner at Sedan. He has carried on the Bonapartist journal, *Le Pays*, since 1872, and he sat in the Chamber from 1878 till the recent dissolution. The total collapse of the Bonapartist faction has made M. de Cassagnac a negligible quantity in French politics, but his personality is still rich in surprises.

During the last two years there have been regular reports of Emin Pasha's death, but these have been so long discredited that Emin seems to have had as many lives as Osman Digna. That intrepid warrior has been



THE LATE EMIN PASHA.

killed by the newspapers at least fifteen times, but there is no reason to suppose that he is not alive and irreconcilable. But there is now a story of Emin's death so circumstantial that it is pretty generally accepted. He is said to have been killed by a party of Arabs and eaten by some of the Manyema cannibals. The marvel is that Emin did not meet this tragic end long ago. After his "rescue" by Mr. Stanley, which he persisted in calling most unwarrantable, Emin entered the service of the German Government, and promptly showed his indifference to every form of discipline. He was entrusted with a mission, but wandered off at his own sweet will. His complaint against Mr. Stanley was that he was dragged away from Wadelai, where his personal authority had been supreme for six years. Mr. Stanley's story was that he arrived in the nick of time to save Emin from a revolt. The Pasha was an Austrian, and his name was Schnitzer. His great passion was botany, and it is not unlikely that he was cogitating over roots when an Arab incontinently cut off his head.

M. Charles Floquet, the French politician, who was shot at last week when returning from a political meeting, has played—and may yet play, in spite of the fact that he was not re-elected to the Chamber—a great part in the history of the Third Republic. Member of a well-known Protestant family, he was born at Saint Jean de Luz sixty-five years ago, and became a member of the Paris Bar twenty-three years later. His oratorical powers soon attracted considerable attention, and, joined to his well-known Republican principles, caused him to be constantly engaged in semi-political law-suits, notably in the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, in which M. Floquet represented the family of Victor Noir, obtaining for them considerable monetary damages.

ERRATUM.

We very much regret that the Obituary column of our last issue recorded the death of Sir John Warren Hayes, Bart. Sir John is, happily, in perfect health, and we tender our apologies to him and to his family for the unaccountable error.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral Castle, where, on Sunday, Sept. 3, she was visited by Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife, from Mar Lodge.

The new Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Aberdeen, has left England for the seat of his government.

The appointment of General Sir Henry Norman, G.C.B., who has been Governor of Queensland since 1888, to succeed the Marquis of Lansdowne as Viceroy of India, was officially announced on Sept. 5.

The House of Lords, on Tuesday, Sept. 5, commenced its debate, to be concluded on Friday, upon the second reading of the Irish Home Rule Bill, which was moved by Earl Spencer and opposed by the Duke of Devonshire, with speeches of considerable length. Above 350 peers were assembled, and it was expected that nearly 400 would vote on Friday evening. Many members of the House of Commons were at the Bar listening to the debate.

The Army Manœuvres began on Tuesday, Sept. 5, on the selected ground near Idstone, in the western part of Berkshire adjacent to Wiltshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have gone to Scotland, arriving on Tuesday, Sept. 5, at Blairgowrie, Perthshire, on a visit to Mr. Armitstead, at Black Craig Castle.

The Lord Mayor of London has been welcomed by another Scottish municipality—that of Burntisland, in Fife— with civic hospitalities on his visit to the borough, of which one of his ancestors was a burgess.

The Trades Union Congress opened its twenty-sixth annual meeting on Monday, Sept. 4, at Belfast, under the presidency of Mr. John Wilson, M.P., vice-chairman of its Parliamentary committee. A report from that committee presented by Mr. Fenwick, M.P., related the proceedings of the Session with regard to the Eight Hours Bill, the Miners' Bill, and the Employers' Liability Bill; and they discussed the recent strikes and the commercial and manufacturing depression. For the ensuing days, Mr. Samuel Monro, of the United Trades' Council at Belfast, was president of the Congress.

The Royal Commission to inquire into agricultural depression will consist of Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., chairman, Viscount Cobham, Lord Vernon, Mr. Chaplin, M.P., Sir Nigel Kingscote, Commissioner of Woods and Forests, a trustee of the Royal Agricultural Society; Mr. Robert Giffen, of the Board of Trade; Mr. C. Melton, Q.C., formerly M.P. for West Somerset; Mr. C. M. Dalton, of the Local Government Board; Mr. F. A. Channing, M.P.; Mr. John Clay, of Kirchristen, near Kelso; Mr. R. L. Everett, M.P.; Mr. John Gilmour, of Montrave, Fife, a director of the Highland and Agricultural Society; Mr. George Lambert, M.P.; Mr. W. C. Little, entrusted with inquiries into the condition of the agricultural labourer; Mr. Walter Long, M.P.; Captain Owen Thomas, of Bryndig Rhosgoch, Anglesey; Mr. Charles Whitehead, technical adviser to the Board of Agriculture and Vice-President of the Royal Agricultural Society.

The Poplar Hospital for Accidents, Blackwall, has, in the new wing, opened on Sept. 4 by Lord and Lady Knutsford, added sixty beds to its accommodation. The building has cost £22,000, and has been carried out by Messrs. Harris and Wardrop, builders, Mr. Rowland Plumbe being the architect. Last year no fewer than 633 cases were under treatment at this institution, of which only 33 proved fatal.

A tragical and mysterious affair in Argyllshire, the death of a young gentleman, Lieutenant Cecil Hambrough, while shooting at Ardlamont House, where he was staying as the guest of Mr. Monson, has much occupied public attention. Suspicions have arisen that he was the victim of assassination, instead of being killed, as was said, by the accidental discharge of his own gun, in climbing through the gap in a wall. A person named Scott, who had, as well as Mr. Monson, accompanied him through the grounds, is at present missing. The young man's life had been insured for £20,000. He was buried at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, near the residence of his father, Major Hambrough. On Monday, Sept. 4, by order of the Home Office, at the request of the Scottish Public Prosecutor, his body was exhumed in the Ventnor churchyard, to ascertain the nature of his wound, in aid of the inquiry that is now pending in Argyllshire.

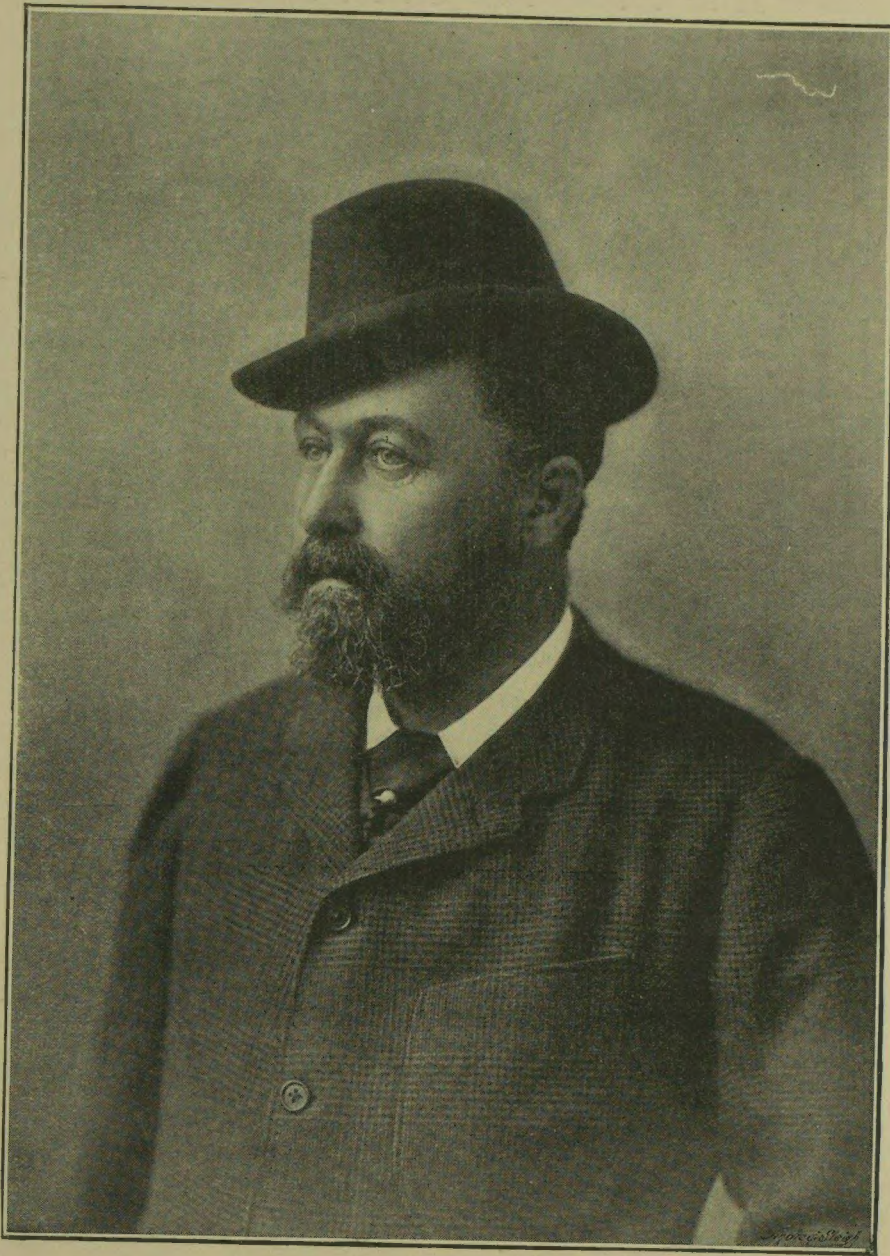


Photo by E. Udenhuth, Coburg.

DUKE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA (THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH).

The second pollings, in the election of members of the French Chamber of Deputies, for those constituencies which had failed to show the requisite legal majority of votes in the first pollings, have been declared. They yield a further gain to the supporters of the Republican Constitution; some of the extreme Radicals, and five or six Boulangists, have been defeated. M. Clémenceau, in the Department of the Var, has lost his seat, and so has M. Pichon, one of his strongest allies.

Catholic congresses, and the election of worthy men to the Hungarian Diet.

The revision of the Belgian political constitution, by the joint labours of the Senate and the Chamber of Representatives, has been satisfactorily completed. The future Senate will comprise twenty-six members, over forty years of age, nominated by the nine Provincial Councils, and seventy-six elected by the popular suffrage, but qualified by possessing real estate of the yearly value of £500, or paying £50 a year in direct taxes.

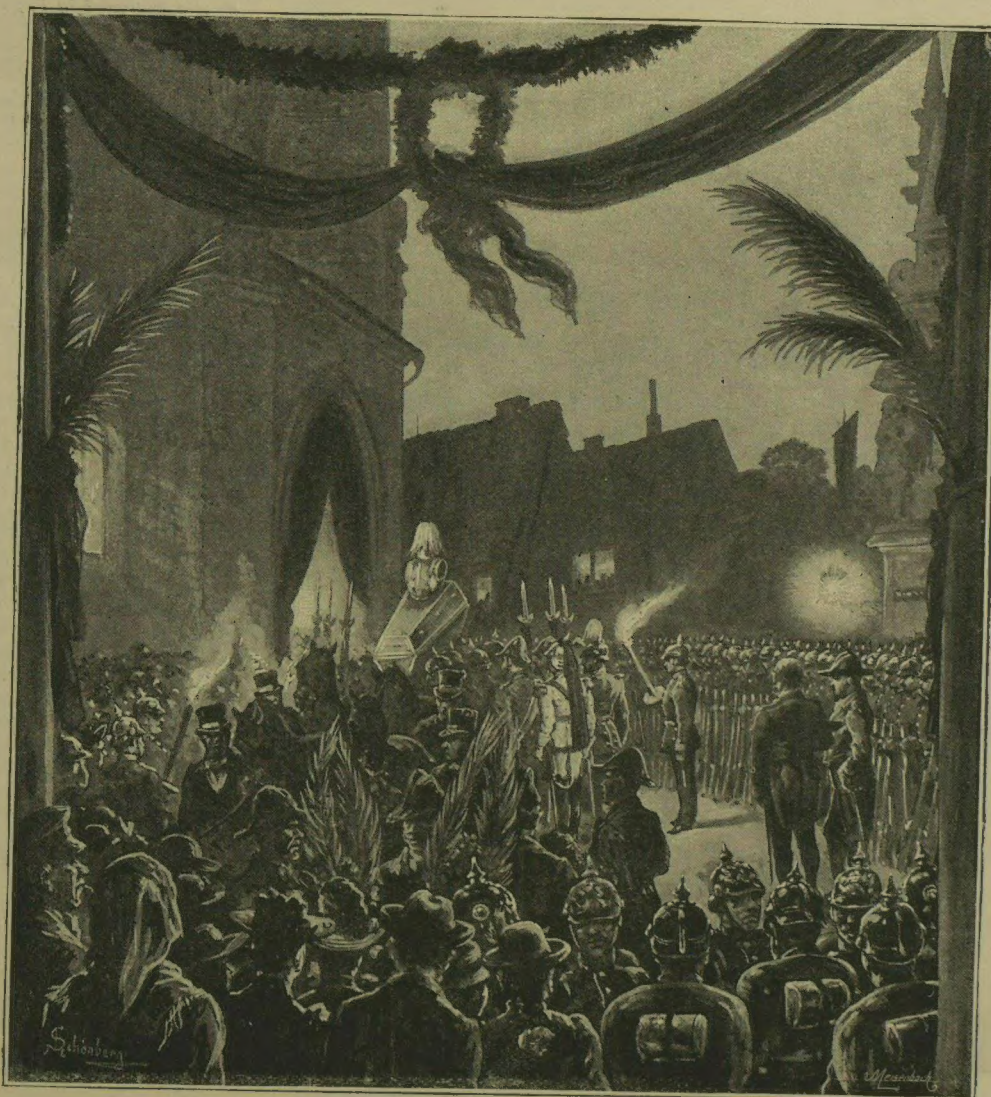
The elder brother of the King of Denmark, Prince William of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, a General in the Austrian army, died on Sept. 5 at the Castle of Fredensborg, in Denmark, where all the Danish royal family, with their Russian and English princely relatives, are now meeting to celebrate the golden wedding of the King and Queen. In 1863, Prince Christian of Sonderburg-Glücksburg, though a younger brother, succeeded to the throne of Denmark by virtue of the treaty of 1852.

A pleasant incident is reported from San Sebastian, in Spain. On Saturday, Sept. 2, while the Queen-Regent was out for a drive, she observed a little girl playing on the railway line close to a level crossing at Astigarraga. Alarmed at the danger the child was running, the Queen descended from her carriage and, hastening towards the line, snatched the girl up and carried her to a place of safety. A few moments later a train dashed past the crossing.

On Sept. 2 the telephone line between Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, and Christiania, the capital of Norway, was opened for public use.

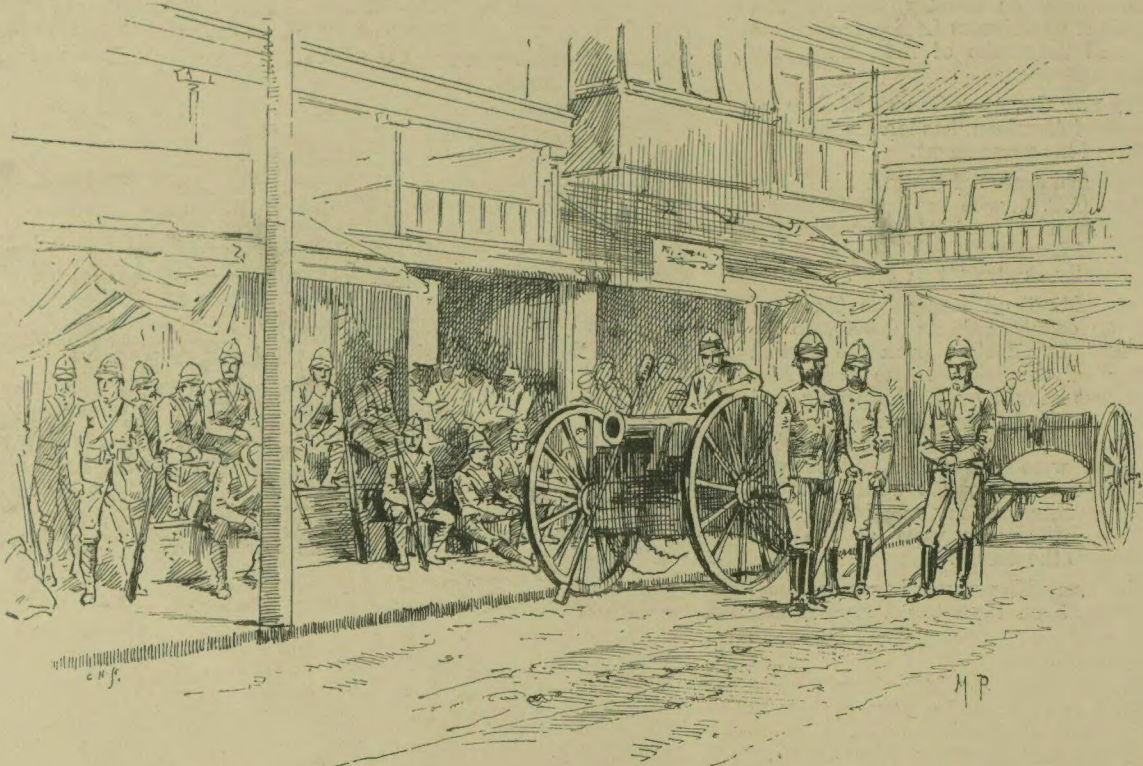
It has been decided that after the close of the Chicago Exhibition, the buildings so greatly admired during the past few months will be sold as old material, and it is not expected that more than 1,000,000 dols. will be realised by the sale.

Another frightful railway disaster has taken place in America. On Aug. 31, part of the Western Express, one of the fast trains on the Boston and Albany Railway, fell through a bridge over the Westfield River, near Chester, Massachusetts. Fifteen passengers were killed and thirty-six injured, six of them fatally.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA: PROCESSION TO THE VAULT.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE BOMBAY RELIGIOUS RIOTS.

The mutual animosity of the Hindoo and Mohammedan inhabitants of the city of Bombay, on Friday, Aug. 11, broke out in fierce street conflicts, which were not entirely suppressed until the 13th, and in which above fifty persons were killed and many more seriously wounded, while much havoc was done on both sides by the attacks on mosques and temples. The Divasra, one of the Hindoo religious festivals, occurred on the Friday, when a Moslem congregation was at prayers in the Jumma Musjid, the principal mosque. Some angry feeling had been excited by a meeting of Bombay Mohammedans, a day or two before, to discuss an affair at Prabhas-Pattan, in the principality of the Nawab of Junagadh, in Kattywar. This was a dispute about the killing of cows for the Mohammedan feast of Bakrid: the cow being a sacred animal to the Hindoos, local riots had arisen, with some fighting, and the quarrel had been taken up in Bombay. To show their hostility to the Mohammedans, therefore, the Bombay Hindoos assembled for their Divasra holiday formed a street procession, with a noisy band of tom-toms, horns, and other discordant music, and with loud cries, to march past the Jumma Musjid, wilfully disturbing the Moslem congregation at prayer. They were asked to desist, but continued their noise worse than ever, till the Mohammedans, losing patience, sallied forth, crying, "Din! Din!" or "The Faith! The Faith!" and attacked the Hindoo procession. A furious combat ensued; the police, headed by Mr. R. H. Vincent (the Commissioner of Police), intervened. But the disorderly spirit had already spread all over the native town, and the police force was not sufficient to deal with the contending mobs. The Marine Battalion, under Colonel Forjett, and the three Presidency magistrates appeared on the scene with the Municipal Commissioner. The Riot Act was read, and parties of the 5th Bombay Infantry were posted in various spots to overawe the populace, who had begun pelting the policemen with stones.



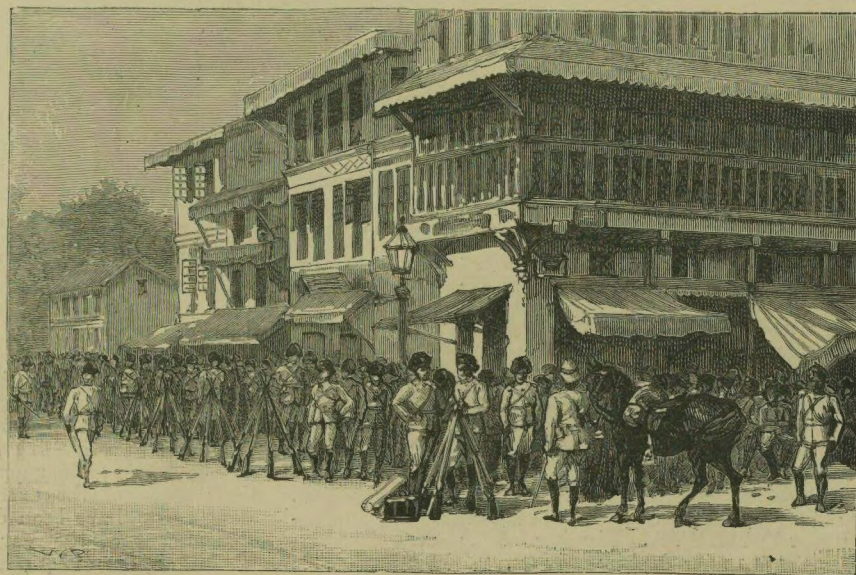
GUNS IN POSITION AT TYDONNEE, TO PROTECT THE HINDOO TEMPLES.

From a Photograph by Professor Oswald Muller.



SEAMEN ESCORTING MOHAMMEDAN FAMILIES TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

From a Sketch by Mr. J. Berriman Years.



THE "TWO TANKS" SQUARE, WHERE THE RIOTERS FOUGHT WITH THE TROOPS.

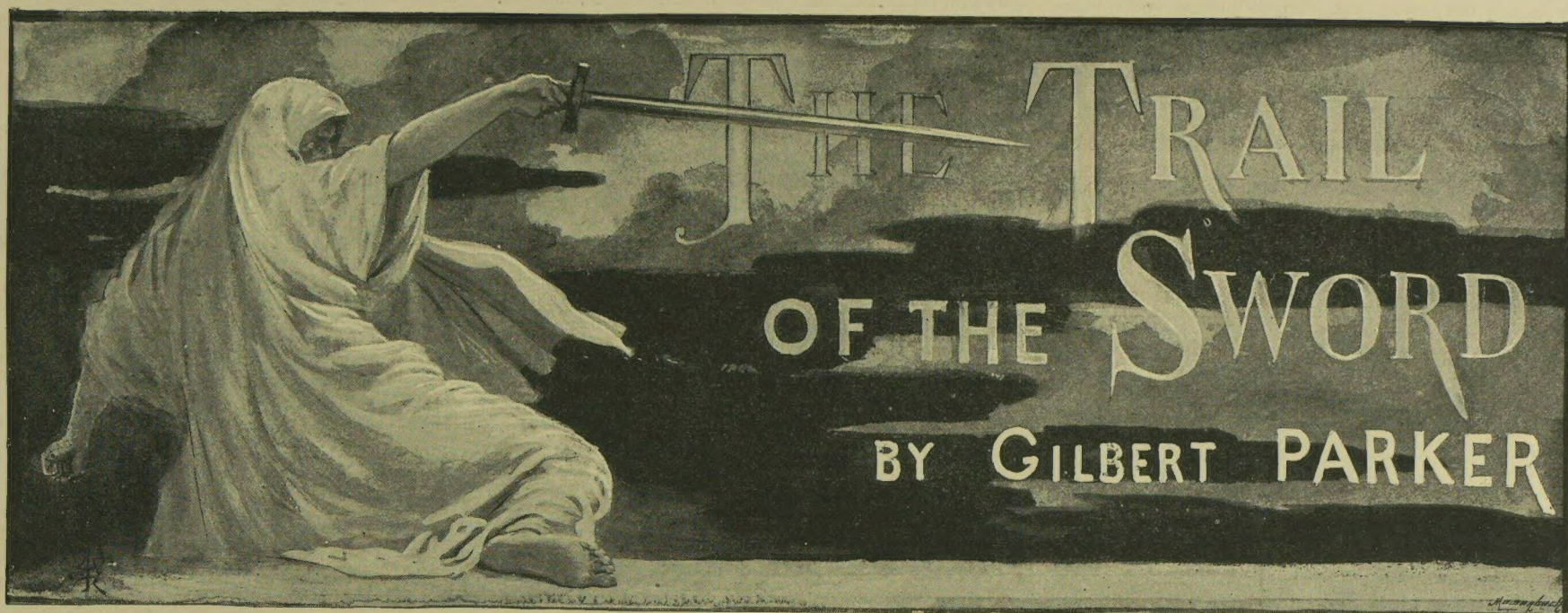
From a Photograph by Professor Oswald Muller.



BOMBAY LANCERS CHARGING THE RIOTERS.

From a Sketch by Mr. J. Berriman Years.

In the evening the North Lancashire Regiment was called out to aid the native troops, and further military reinforcements from Poona were ordered. It was then, however, in the square called "The Two Tanks," that a party of thirty sepoys, under a subadar or native officer, came into actual conflict with a crowd of Mohammedans from Grant Road, two or three thousand men, armed with heavy sticks, who surrounded them and tried to wrest away their bayonets. The subadar bade his men retreat a few yards, load their rifles, and fire on their assailants, some of whom were killed or wounded by this volley, and the others were put to flight. Grant Road having been cleared, a couple of guns were placed at Tydonnee, where seven or eight roads meet, to protect the chief Hindoo temples, and another gun near the jail. The night passed quietly. But early next morning fresh bands of both parties, numbering many thousands, assembled to attack, on one side, a Hindoo temple, on the other side a mosque, destroying and defiling the interior of each of those consecrated buildings. At a later hour the dead Mohammedans, killed overnight, were conveyed to several burial-grounds and cemeteries, under police or military escort. This occasioned conflicts, with some loss of life, but the forces at the disposal of the magistracy, augmented by seamen and Royal Marines from ships in the harbour and by the Bombay Volunteers, prevented a renewal of the disturbance after Aug. 13. Eighteen special magistrates were employed, in different parts of the city, to deal with the offenders who were arrested, and there were nearly two thousand sent to prison. Lord Harris, the Governor of Bombay, and all the civil and military authorities seem to have exerted their utmost efforts to keep the turbulent population in order.



CHAPTER XV.

IN THE TREASURE HOUSE.

The canoes and tender kept husking up down among the Shallows, finding nothing. At last, early one morning, they pushed out again from the side of the Bridgewater Merchant, more lifeless than usual. The stroke of the oars was listless, the men were gloomy. But a Boston sailor of a merry sort, seeing the general melancholy, suddenly struck up a cheery song—

"I knows a town, an' it's a fine town,
And many a ship goes sailin' to its quay;
I knows an inn, an' it's a fine inn,
An' a lass that's fair to see.
I knows a town, an' it's a fine town;
I knows an inn, an' it's a fine inn—
But O my lass! an' O the gay gown,
Which I have seen my pretty in!

"I knows a port, an' it's a good port,
An' many a ship is ridin' easy there;
I knows a home an' it's a good home,
An' a lass that's sweet an' fair.
I knows a port, an' it's a good port,
I knows a home an' it's a good home—
But O the pretty that is my sort,
That's wearyin' till I come!

"I knows a day, an' it's a fine day,
The day a sailor man comes back to town.
I knows a tide, an' it's a good tide,
The tide that gets you quick to anchors down.
I knows a day an' it's a fine day,
I knows a tide an' it's a good tide—
And God help the lubber, I say,
That's stole the sailor man's bride!"

The song so cheered the men that the dejection declined, and they joined in and lay to their oars with almost too much goodwill. Gering was leaning over the side of the canoe, looking into the water more or less idly. The water was clear that day, and he could see far down. After the song was finished, he, still looking, saw what seemed a feather growing out of the side of a rock. It struck him as strange, and he gave word to back water. They were just outside the Boilers in deep water. Drawing back carefully, he saw the feather again. He ordered one of the divers to go down.

They could see him descend and gather the feather, and then he plunged deeper still, and they lost sight of him. But in a short time he came up rapidly, and was soon inside the boat. He told Gering that he had discovered several great guns. The crew peered over the boat-side eagerly. Gering's heart beat hard. He knew what it was to rouse wild hope, and then to see disappointment follow. He preserved an outward calm, and told the diver to go down again. It seemed like an hour, and then they saw the diver returning. He carried something. He handed up his prize.

It was a pig of silver! The treasure was found! There went up a great cheer. All was joy and activity, for, apart from the delight of discovery, Phips had promised a share to every man. The place was instantly buoyed, and they hastened back to the port with the grateful tidings for Captain Phips. With his glass he saw them coming, and by their hard rowing he guessed that they had news. When they came within hail, they cheered, and the cheer was returned. Great was the excitement as they pulled alongside; and when they saw the silver the air rang with shouts.

As Gering stepped on board with the silver, Captain Phips ran forward, clasped it in both hands, and with an emotion more personal than religious, cried: "We are all made, thanks be to God!"

There was more cheering, and then all hands were ordered on board, and because the treasure lay in a safe anchorage they got the ships away towards it.

Bucklaw, in the surgeon's cabin, was called out of delirium to understanding by the cheering. He started up in his bed. He was alone. He was worn almost to a skeleton, his eyes looked big and staring, his face had the paleness of death. The return to consciousness was sudden. Perhaps nothing else could have called him back. He wriggled out of bed, and, supporting himself against the wall, made his way to the door. He crawled out, mumbling to himself as he went.

A few minutes afterwards Phips and Gering were talking

in the cabin. Phips was weighing the silver up and down in his hands.

"At least three hundred pounds' worth in this!" he said.

They heard a shuffling noise and hard breathing behind

them. Phips turned, with the silver in his hands. As he did so a figure lunged on him, clutched the silver and hugged it. It was Bucklaw.

"Mine! mine!" he called in a hoarse voice, with great,



"Mine! Mine!" he called in a hoarse voice.

hungry eyes. "Mine! all mine!" he repeated. He gasped, and came to the ground in a heap, with the silver still in his arms. With his one hand he caught at his throat. The bandage of his wound fell away and there was a rush of blood over the silver. With a strange laugh he plunged face-forward on the metal, and the blood of the dead Bucklaw consecrated the first-fruits of the treasure.

As the vessel rode up the harbour the body was dropped into the deep.

"Worse men—worse men, Sir, bide with the King," said Phips. "A merry villain, Bucklaw!"

The ship came to anchor at the buoys, and no time was lost. Divers were sent down, and, by singular good luck,

found the room where the bullion was stored. The number of divers was increased, and the work of raising the bullion went on all that day. There is nothing like the lust for gold in the hearts of men. From stem to stern of the Bridgewater Merchant and the Swallow this wild emotion had its way. Work went on until the last possible moment of light. That night talk was long and sleep was short, and work was on again at sunrise. In three days they took up thirty-two tons of bullion. In the afternoon of the third day, the store-room was cleared. Then they searched the hold. Here they found, cunningly distributed among the ballast, a great many bags of pieces-of-eight. These, having lain in the water so long, were crusted with a strong substance, which they had to break with iron bars. It was reserved for Phips himself to make the grand discovery. He donned a diving-suit, and went below to the sunken galleon. Silver and gold had been found, but he was sure that there were other treasures, in spite of the divers' assurance to the contrary. He was successful. He found in a secret place of the captain's cabin a chest, which, on being raised, and broken open, was seen to contain pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones.

And now the work was complete. The expedition had been successful; and Phips and Gering had on board the Bridgewater Merchant treasure to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds and more.

Joyfully did Phips raise anchor. But first he sent to the handful of people in the port a liberal gift of money and wine and provisions from the ship's stores. With a favourable breeze, he got away agreeably, and was clear of the harbour and cleaving northward before sunset—the Swallow leading the treasure-ship like a pilot. All was joy and hilarity. There remained one danger yet, not insignificant. They had raised their treasure unmolested. Could they bring it to Boston and on to England safely? Phips would have asked that question very seriously had he known that the Maid of Provence was bowling out of the nor-east towards the port which he had just left.

The Maid of Provence had had a perilous journey. After escaping the English war-ships, she had fallen in with a pirate

craft; had closed with it, plugged it with cannon-shot, and drawn off; had then taken the wind on her beam, and come drifting down upon the pirate; had boarded her, and, after a swift and desperate fight, had killed every man of its defenders, save one—the captain—whom for reasons they made a prisoner. Then they sank the rover, and got away to Port de la Plata as fast as they were able. But by reason of the storm and the fighting, and drifting out of their course, they had lost ten days. And thus it was they reached the harbour a few hours after the Bridgewater Merchant and the Swallow had left.

They waited till morning, and sailed cautiously in—to face disappointment! They quickly learned the truth from the natives. There was but one thing to do, and Iberville lost no

Iberville had calculated well. One evening, after a sail as fine as the voyage down was dirty, they came up gently within forty miles of Boston, and then, because there was nothing else to do, went idling up and down all night, keeping watch. The next morning there was a mist in the air, which indicated fog. Iberville had half dreaded this. But he was to have his opportunity, for even while Berigord's face was lowering most, the look-out from the shrouds called down that he sighted two ships. They were making for the coast. All sail was put on, and they got away to meet the newcomers. They were not long in finding that fortune was with them, in so far as to give them a chance of the treasure.

Phips did not think that any ship would venture against

them so near Boston, and could not believe the Maid of Provence an enemy. He thought her probably an English ship, eager to welcome them; but presently he saw the white ensign of France at the mizzen, a round shot rattled through the rigging of the Bridgewater Merchant.

But he was two to one.

No time was wasted. Phips' ships came to, and stood alongside, and the gunners got to work. The Bridgewater Merchant stood high in the water, and her shot at first did little damage to the Maid of Provence, which, having the advantage of the wind, came nearer and nearer. The Swallow, with its twenty odd guns, did better work, and carried away the foremast of the enemy, and killed several men. But Iberville came on slowly, and being anxious to dispose of the Swallow first, gave her broadsides between wind and water, so that her decks were spotted with dying men, her bulwarks were broken in, and her mainmast gone. The cannonade was heard in Boston, from which, a few hours later, two merchantmen set out for the scene of action, each carrying thirty guns.

But Nature interposed. The

wind suddenly sunk, and as the Maid of Provence, eager to close with the Bridgewater Merchant, edged slowly down, a fog suddenly fell. The firing ceased on both sides. Iberville let his ship drift on her path, intent on a hand-to-hand fight aboard the Bridgewater Merchant. The grappling irons were ready, and as they drifted there was silence.

Every eye was strained. Suddenly a shape sprang out of the grey mist and the Maid of Provence struck. There was a crash of timbers as the bows of the Swallow—it was she—were stove in, and then a wild cry. Instantly she began to sink. The grappling-irons remained motionless on the Maid of Provence. Iberville saw half-a-dozen figures jump from the shattered bow towards the bow of his own ship, but all fell short save one. It was a tremendous leap, but the Englishman made it, catching the chains. He scrambled on deck. A cheer greeted him—the Frenchmen could not but admire so brave a feat. The Englishman took no notice, but instantly turned to see his own ship lurch forward, and, without a sound from her decks, sink gently down to her grave. He stood and looked at the place where she had been, but there was only mist. He shock



Iberville came on slowly, and being anxious to dispose of the Swallow first, gave her broadsides between wind and water.

time. A few hours to get fresh water and fruit, and to make some repairs—for the pirate had not been idle in the fight—and then Berigord gave the nose of the royal little craft to the sea, and drove her on with a good wind after the treasure-ships, like a hound upon the scent. Iberville was disappointed, but not unduly. He had the temper of a warrior who is both artist and gamester. As he said to Perrot: "Well, Nick, they have saved us the trouble of lifting the treasure; and we'll see now who shall carry it into port."

He guessed that the English ships would sail for Boston, there to get further protection ere they ventured to the English Channel. He knew that the chances were against him; but it was his cue to keep spirit and heart in his followers. For days they sailed without seeing a single ship. Then three showed upon the horizon, and faded away. They kept on, passing what are now Florida and Carolina, hoping in any case to reach Boston before the treasure-ships, and rob them at their own door. Their chances were fair, for the Maid of Provence had proved swift, obedient, good-tempered, and as sweet a sailing craft as ever had hard work to do.

his head, and a sob rattled in his throat. His brave, taciturn crew had gone down without a cry—without a lamentation.

It was Gering.

He turned and faced his enemies. They had crowded forward—Iberville, Sainte-Hélène, Perrot, Maurice Joval, and the staring sailors. He choked down his emotion, and faced them like an animal at bay. Iberville stepped forward.

"Without a word, Gering pointed to the empty scabbard at his side.

"No, pardon me," said Iberville, "not as our prisoner, Monsieur. You claim our protection. You have us at advantage. You will remain as our guest."

"I want no mercy—or quarter," said Gering proudly, and a little sullenly.

"There can be no question of mercy or quarter, Monsieur. You came here to save your life, and hospitality is sacred. You cannot be a prisoner of war, for there is no war between our countries."

"You came upon a private quarrel?" asked Gering.

"Truly; and for the treasure, fair bone of fight between us."

There was a pause, in which Gering stood half turned away from them, listening. But the Bridgwater Merchant had drifted away! After a time he turned again to Iberville with a smile both malicious and triumphant. Iberville understood, but showed nothing of what he felt. He asked Sainte-Hélène to show Gering to the cabin. This was done.

The fight was over.

When the fog cleared away there was no sign of the Bridgwater Merchant, and Iberville, certain that she had made the port of Boston, and knowing that there must be English vessels in search of him, bore away to Quebec with Gering on board.

He parted from his rival the day they arrived. Perrot was to escort him a distance on his way.

Gering thanked him for his courtesy.

"Indeed, then," said Iberville, "this is a debt—if you choose to call it so—for which I would have no thanks—no. For it would please me better to render accounts all at once some day, and get return in a different fashion, Monsieur."

"Monsieur," said Gering, a little grandly, "you have come to me three times: next time I will come to you."

"I trust that you will keep your word," answered Iberville, smiling incredulously.

That day Iberville, protesting helplessly, was ordered away to France on a man-of-war which had rocked in the harbour of Quebec for a month, awaiting his return. Even Frontenac himself could not help him, for the order had come from the French Minister direct.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is announced that the first two volumes of Canon Liddon's "Life of Dr. Pusey" will be published early in October. It will consist altogether of four volumes, with several portraits and other illustrations. The task of preparing it for publication, since Canon Liddon's death, has been performed by the Rev. J. O. Johnston and the Rev. Robert J. Wilson, Warden of Keble.

With reference to legislation concerning ecclesiastical establishments, Mr. Gladstone's reply to the recent minute of the Liberation Society does not seem to give positive assurance of immediate Ministerial action; for the Premier remarks: "Undoubtedly when we come to the consideration of the choice and order of measures for the next Session, the question must be taken into view whether a second Suspensory Bill would be satisfactory, and whether a complete measure ought in preference to be introduced." He adds that it would be most hazardous to dispose of the next Session by piecemeal, and that all great claims must be considered in their relations to one another.

The Welsh Liberal members of the House of Commons, at their meeting on Sept. 1, adopted by a large majority of votes the following resolution: "That we confidently rely that the Government will without fail place the Welsh Disestablishment Bill in such a position in the Ministerial programme for next year as will enable the House of Commons to carry it through all its stages before the Session is over; and we desire to notify to the Government that unless the Bill is placed in that position we shall be as a Party under the regrettable necessity of having to reconsider our attitude of support to the Government, and to take an independent course."

The Parish Councils Bill arouses some opposition among English Churchmen in the rural districts, not as a scheme of secular local self-government, but on account of its deposing the clergyman from the presidency of the parish vestry, and setting aside the churchwardens' trusteeship of parish rooms which have been erected mostly for Church purposes, as well as their *ex-officio* management of parish Church schools. It is contended that this is an approach towards disendowment.

The Bishop of London, who made a speech on public-houses, in the House of Lords, early in the Session, has been challenged by Mr. T. O. Wethered, late chairman of the Country Brewers' Society, to give proofs of his statement that the publicans and sinners were in the habit of adulterating their liquor, and that "infractions and evasions of the law in the way of selling intoxicating liquors to drunken people" largely accounted for the profits the owners derived from the trade. The Bishop has not yet answered this challenge.

The Rev. J. Glendinning Nash, Vicar of Christ Church, Woburn Square, conducted the other day an impromptu service held in a chapel erected on one of the group of the Farne Islands, in the North Sea, off Bamborough Castle, for the lighthouse-keepers and their wives.

There is an English Church congregation of North American Indians in Canada, for whom has been erected the new church of St. John the Divine, on the Montaignais Indian Reservation at Pointe Bleue. It was recently consecrated by the Bishop of Quebec (the Right Rev. Dr. Dunn, formerly Vicar of All Saints', South Acton).

AT THE GATE.

BY LEWIS MORRIS.

Here on this summer morning calm,
The long week's dust and turmoil done,
I leave the town to drink the balm
Of scented pines and take the sun,

And let the country's peace and rest
Sink on my restless soul, and breed
A kindred quiet in my breast,
And hints of some sufficing creed.

The grey church fills, the cheerful ray
Soft on the latticed casements falls,
Softly the breath of summer day
Plays spiced with June around the walls.

And quickly through the golden leas
The dutiful processions wend,
And thro' the arching secular trees
Like those who seek a faithful friend.

The mad chimes haste, then slower come,
Toll gravely and at last grow dumb,
And from the wide doors, faint and dim,
Float the first echoes of the hymn.

Beneath this thick-leaved elm awhile
Forgetful of the turbid street,
I rest, and let the influence sweet
The fever of my soul beguile.

For it is Sunday everywhere.
The lark a Sabbath carol sings,
To blossomed meads and odorous air,
And murmurous hum of wooing wings.

The dozing teams beside the pool
Whisk their long tails, and fetlock-deep,
In dewy meadow-grasses cool,
Munch lazily, then fall asleep.

The bold pie chatters in the shade,
Well knowing she is safe to-day.
Fearless the moorhens dip and wade,
The bounding conies fearless play.

All breathes a seeming calm and rest,
The glad world sleeps a Sabbath sleep,
While on boon Nature's tranquil breast
God's peace His careless creatures keep.

Shall I not worship then with these,
Old trees and fleeting flowers that blow,
Share the great Mother's joyous ease,
And watch her long-plumed grasses grow,

And let the spirit of old earth
Grow one with mine till both shall fly,
Winged by some new mysterious birth,
Beyond the confines of the sky?

Here in this long-aisled avenue,
Roofed only by the unbounded blue,
Are liturgies diviner yet
Than those the pitiless years forget.

Here from these blithe untutored lays
Of chanting birds serene and clear,
A sweeter symphony of praise
Ascends to take the Eternal Ear

Than in yon humble church hard by,
Nay, in the immemorial quires
Of twilight minster soaring high,
The worshipper's rapt soul inspires.

Shall then unaided Nature draw
Our worship? Can her stern decrees,
Triumphant Strength, unbending Law,
Fit praying hands and bended knees?

Shows she, Benign, Almighty, Just,
Who slays the Unit for the Race,
Whom neither pity moves nor grace,
Whose cold voice cries "What must be, must";

To whom the fairest human Soul,
Tho' with a thousand jewels drest,
Purity, reverence, self-control,
Love, aspiration for the best,

Is less than his who laughs to scorn
All laws but hers, and breaks in twain
Sad hearts, and lives his life in vain,
A vile life, better never born;

Who goes her way through pain and blood
And suffering blindly to her End,
Nor shrinks from Ill, nor yearns for Good,
Careless whate'er the Future send;

Who framed the tiger, tooth and claw,
The eagle's rending beak, the snake
With poison fangs and coils, to take
Fresh victims for the ravening maw?

The very ground on which I lie
Bears rapine on each blade of grass.
Stern rapine wings the dragon-fly
The darting swifts that glance and pass.

And in yon flower-faced slumbrous pool
Pain wakes and rapine day and night.
The same unchanging evil rule
The terror of un pitying might.

See, a swift trouble cuts the air,
A rush of cruel arrowy wings,
And yon blithe throstle as she sings,
To death the pouncing talons bear.

And singled from the helpless throng,
Despairing, faint, with failing breath,
Half blind, a coney limps along,
With close behind unerring Death.

Nay, not to Her I kneel. I hold
Better than this the Atheist's creed,
Which chills the heart with accents cold,
If thus I may supply my need.

Tho' the world teem with wrong and pain,
What matter, if no Power Divine
Framed this rebellious soul of mine,
This soul which drags and loathes its chain?

The great World-System on its course
Goes unregarding, dumb and blind,
How reach the dull deaf ear of Force,
Or touch with ruth its careless mind?

Not this I worship. 'Twere to kneel
In a void shrine whose God had fled,
We only worship when we feel;
We owe no reverence to things dead.

And can this dim Abstraction fill
The hungry heart, the soul that yearns
For ever closer union still
With that far central Life which burns,

And lighteth, and doth animate
All things that are, and can control
The infinite orbits small and great
And man's immeasurable soul?

For surely though far off He is
We hear His voice, not only here,
But, in the clamorous city clear,
It speaks through precious sanctities.

How shall a young man cleanse his way,
His sore-ried way, save by the thought,
Too precious for his lips to say,
Which points to some diviner "Ought."

The flaring streets allure to sin,
Evil besets his lonely bed,
Heaven seems too strait to enter in,
Too faint the precepts of the dead.

Yet oft the Tempter's voice in vain
Assails him, oft the thoughts of home
And simple childhood's whiteness come
And give him strength to strive again.

Or if he fall, yet shall he rise,
And breaking the dark jails of sense
See a white radiance light the skies
And hail recovered Innocence.

Were Conscience dumb, did Nature bind,
Even as the brutes are bound, my mind,
I were content as those to be,
Nor seek invisible Deity.

But, hark! through all the House of Life,
The cloistered cell, the clamorous crowd,
Night's cool and calm, Day's dust and strife
A voice of Godhead pleading loud.

Shall I then kneel with those and raise
My voice with theirs, who know of old
The Century's sad disease which slays
Our Faith, and strikes our yearnings cold,

I, who have listened while the coarse
Glib unbeliever marshalled out
His legions of unfaithful Doubt,
And found no other God but Force,

And laughed the Christian tale to scorn
The God-like Victim virgin-born,
The atoning pain, the mystic Cross,
The sacred salutary loss?

What care I? God there is I know,
Who rules the Worlds and bade us be,
But shall He care for things below
And show His hidden face to me?

Too far away He seems to stand,
Too bright, if present, for our need,
Nor else than through the Faith, His hand
Has given us, know we Him indeed.

No other gave He. The strong Hours
Have wreaked in vain their age-long Powers,
Unchanged as from His lips it came,
To-day it lives and rules the same.

Enough for me, and for my need,
Enough for dear lives dead and gone,
No other Faith is ours nor Creed,
To speed the labouring ages on.

Then since He is, and since no more
Without Him can I live and move
I join the ranks of Faith and Love,
And rise and enter and adore!

FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE ERNEST OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



LYING IN STATE IN THE MORTUARY CHAMBER AT RHEINHARDTSBRUNN, GOTHA.



PROCESSION IN THE MARKET PLACE AT COBURG PASSING THE ALBERT MONUMENT.



A COLLIER'S COTTAGE, DURHAM.

STUARTIANA.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A new book revives an old question, or, rather, two old questions, with which some time ago I tried to divert antiquarian readers. The new book is Mr. Donald Stewart's "Old and Rare Scottish Tartans" (Johnston, Edinburgh). The problem of the origin of tartans and their antiquity has often been treated of before, but never, to my knowledge, with so much industry and lucidity. Mr. Stewart has examined what ancient plaids and philabegs and scraps of tartan are extant: he has consulted old family portraits in old Highland houses: he has collected all the printed lore on the subject. The results, to my thinking, are that tartans and the Highland dress, in one modification or another, are very ancient, but traces of distinct clan tartans before 1745 are extremely scanty.

The tartans, however, are not the problem with which we are chiefly concerned. Mr. Stewart prints, almost in full, a correspondence on the subject of "The Last Stuarts"—"Charles Edward and John Sobieski Stuart"—a correspondence in which Sir Walter Scott and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder are the writers. About two years ago I alluded to this correspondence in an article published in *The Illustrated London News* called "A Palinode." After making light of the royal pretensions of the brethren, in a paper styled "The Last of the Stuarts," I was permitted to see the correspondence now published for the first time, and in "A Palinode" I tried to show that the *Quarterly Review* article of June 1847, an article supposed to have destroyed the claims of the brothers, was not correctly informed. The elder brother had published, in 1842, a volume now very rare, styled "Vestiarium Scoticum," professing to be derived from an ancient manuscript of the sixteenth century, once in the possession of Charles Edward. As early as 1829 Sir Thomas Dick Lauder had mentioned this manuscript and another of the same work, written on paper earlier than 1721, to Sir Walter Scott. But the father of the brethren refused to allow his old manuscript to be inspected or given to the public; and from his letter (printed by Mr. Donald Stewart on page 50) I inferred that he believed in the legend of his own royal parentage, and that the story, at least, was not originated by the brethren, but was of a generation earlier. The father's name, when he was young, and an officer in the Navy, was Thomas Allen. In this correspondence his sons appear as "Hay Allans," as "Allan Hays," one of them as "Charles Stuart Hay," and the father signs himself "J. T. Stuart Hay," and addresses his son John as "Ian." His letter is without date of place, and it is curious that the "Vestiarium Scoticum," from his old manuscript, was published during his lifetime, in spite of his objections urged in 1829. Why he called himself "Hay," as his name was

either Allen or Stuart, is one of the mysteries of the subject. He also used, perhaps playfully, another signature. We can only discern, as a matter of actual fact, that the name "Allen" was dropped for "Hay Allan" as early as 1822, that "Hay Allan" became "Allan Hay," and that "Stuart" was beginning to peep out as early as 1829; while by 1842 the eldest son had taken to signing himself "John Sobieski Stuart," "John" not being an English royal Christian name in use since the days of the royal reformer to whose liberal views we owe Magna Charta.

Whatever inferences we may draw from these facts, it is certain that the *Quarterly Review* gave a thoroughly

papers—Scott was on it—but little was done. Part of Atterbury's correspondence was published. Browne used the documents in his "History of the Highland Clans," and Lord Mahon published extracts in his "History of England." Since that date these and other contemporary manuscripts in the Royal Collection do not seem to have been accessible to historians—by no fault, certainly, of their illustrious possessor. On Dec. 24, 1867, Mr. B. B. Woodward, then the Queen's Librarian, wrote a letter on the subject to the *Times*, and the letter was published on Dec. 27. Mr. Woodward announced that, in addition to the Stuart Papers, the Royal Library contained a vast collection formed by William,

Duke of Cumberland, "the Butcher." These manuscripts "dealt with English and European affairs during the whole of his official life." Mr. Woodward, having examined these materials, proposed to the Prince Consort "a plan for rendering them available to students of English history, which his Royal Highness accepted." He arranged all the papers in chronological order, and in 1867 was engaged in making a Calendar of them; "the Prince desiring that, if possible, this Calendar should be printed for general use," with the further purpose of making the documents themselves accessible to students, "under the needful restrictions." Has this Calendar ever been printed, and, if not, is it not a proper subject for the Historical Manuscripts Commission to take in hand? The interest of the Stuart Papers may be mainly personal and antiquarian, but the Cumberland Papers may well be more important in an historical sense. The Calendar, if it is not printed (and I am not aware that it is printed), could not but be of curious interest. Mr. Woodward adds a few scraps, which her Majesty "commanded him to make publicly known." They are mere jottings by Charles Edward, and refer to his secret visits to London (1750-1754), to his profession of faith in the Anglican creed, made in a church in the Strand, to his Republican opinions—and "the maut must have been aboon the meal" when he became a Democrat!

There are also hints about a "Lady," personally and politically unfaithful—perhaps his mistress, Miss Welkinshaw. Queer notes there are of a visit to "Lu" (London? Luxembourg?) in the disguise of a Prussian uniform. Charles quotes Rochester's verse—

I hate all kings and the thrones they sit on,
From the Hector of France to the cully of Britain.
and adds, with justice, in reference to George II. and Louis XV., "*vice versa* at present!" He also writes—

I hate all prists (*sic*) and the regions they rein (*sic*) in,
From the Pope at Rome to the papists of Britain.

There must be better things than these maunderings of a ruined mind in the great manuscript collections, and it seems that the Calendar of the documents would be a desirable addition to our historical materials.



"A GLEANER."—BY MAX LUDBY.

inaccurate account of what occurred when the old manuscript on tartans was first introduced to the notice of antiquaries in 1829. It is unnecessary to pursue that subject further; external grounds for the formation of an opinion do not exist, nor can they exist, unless the manuscripts of the "Vestiarium" are discovered. But the claims of these "Last Stuarts" are closely connected with the Stuart Papers in the Royal Library at Windsor, and with certain other "Stuart Papers" of which they claimed the possession. The romantic story of the discovery of the real Stuart papers in a palace garret at Rome, of their appropriation by Robert Watson, the adventurer, and of the way in which they were extorted from him by the Papal Government and put in the hands of George IV. while Prince Regent, is well known to the curious. A Commission was formed to deal with the

COLLEGE GREEN AND THE CASTLE.

GLADSTONE'S v. GRATTAN'S HOME RULE.

At five minutes past one on the morning of Sept. 2, 1893, the House of Commons passed, by a majority of 34, the third reading of the Bill for conferring Home Rule on Ireland. The Bill will, of course, be rejected by the Lords, but the occasion is one which in Constitutional importance can only be compared with the unanimous passage of the famous resolution of Grattan on April 16, 1782—111 years ago—which established the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament. Before that period Irish Government, though nominally Parliamentary, resided in reality in the hands of the English Privy Council, which possessed, under the famous Poynings' Law of 1495, the supreme control over Irish legislation. Grattan's address to the Crown virtually destroyed Poynings' Law and the Act of George I. which declared the dependency of Ireland, and established, in theory at least, a complete measure of legislative freedom. The most significant part of Grattan's motion ran as follows—

To assure his Majesty that his subjects of Ireland are a free people, that the Crown of Ireland is an Imperial Crown inseparably annexed to the Crown of Great Britain, on

Parliament, and were the creatures of the English Cabinet. The "Executive Committee of the Privy Council"—that is to say, the Irish Cabinet set up by Mr. Gladstone—will, on the contrary, be chosen, like our Ministers, from the ranks of the Irish Parliament, and will be responsible to that body. In other words, College Green would, under the Gladstonian system, overshadow the Castle, instead of being overshadowed by it.

In many other respects the situation created by Mr. Gladstone would be widely different from that which ended abruptly and disastrously in 1800. The Irish Parliament was both maintained and extinguished by corruption. It was bought and sold in the same way as its English counterpart. "I rise," said Curran in 1790, "in an assembly of 300 persons, 100 of whom have places and pensions." When England decided for the Union, she simply paid off Irish peers and commoners at so much the head. Whatever may be the faults of an Irish Legislature, no one imagines that it will have either the will or the power to barter away its honour to English statesmen. Moreover, the constitution of the bicameral Chamber set up by Mr. Gladstone is at least partially significant of the changes which a century of growth on democratic lines has

in some sense a rival of England, with a population that fairly compared with our own. The Ireland of 1893 is a poor and thinly peopled country, knowing little of the great industrial revolution that has thundered through Europe, left far and hopelessly behind by the stronger nation in the great modern race for wealth. But one new faction of surpassing importance has come in. The Irish race has sunk at home; expanded immensely abroad. For the rest, the chief *crucis* of the Bill of 1893 are the working of the veto and the supremacy, the financial relations, the supreme judicial powers reserved to the English Exchequer judges, and the entirely novel state of things brought about by the retention of the Irish members. But on all these points we interrogate the Time-spirit in vain. They may or may not form part of the final settlement; just as the treaty of peace between England and Ireland may be soon or late in the signing.

H. W. M.

Last week there arrived at Ladispoli, a little sea-bathing place between Civita Vecchia and Rome, a priest of spare appearance, who seemed absorbed in his breviary. He proceeded to the central bathing establishment, where he took a sea bath and gave a handsome fee to the attendant.



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DUBLIN.—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

which connection the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom with a Parliament of her own, the sole Legislature thereof; that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation except the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, nor any other Parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country, save only the Parliament of Ireland.

This language clearly freed the Irish Parliament from all control save that of the Crown. But the retention of the royal veto, under the form that required the affixing of the Great Seal to all Irish Bills, did carry with it a certain Parliamentary veto, or, as an Irish statesman quoted by Mr. Swift MacNeill put it, "it gave the English Parliament a kind of negative upon our laws." In this respect, therefore, Grattan's Home Rule and Gladstone's coincide. Mr. Gladstone's Bill, however, starts, by the preamble, with the affirmation of imperial supremacy, provides a double veto by the Lord Lieutenant and the Crown, excepts many subjects on which Ireland could freely legislate between 1782 and 1800, and expressly creates a subordinate as against an independent Legislature. In one respect, however, it sets up a more real system of Home Rule than Grattan's Parliament was ever able to work. The "legislative revolution" of 1782, as Mr. Gladstone called it the other day, left the power of the Castle intact. Under it the Irish Ministry—consisting of the Lord Lieutenant and his Secretary—were, in fact, independent of the Irish

effect. Irish Home Rule differs in some particulars from nearly every form of Colonial Home Rule, but in the constitution of the Legislature it proceeds largely on Colonial lines. There is the elective, but propertied council, designed to act as a check on the purely popular body. On the other hand, the old Irish Parliament was the one counterpart of the British Parliament that the wide world has been able to boast. In particular, the Irish House of Lords reproduced, both as regards the spiritual and the temporal peerage, the arrangements which in our own case continue to excite the admiration of the civilised world. Another notable distinction which the whirligig of time has brought about between the Irish Parliaments in 1782 and 1893 is that while the former was a Protestant assembly, the great majority of the body constituted by Mr. Gladstone must inevitably consist of Catholics. The Parliament of 1782-1800 was the Parliament of the Protestant ascendancy; the Unionists of to-day, or some portion of them, argue that the Legislature of 1893 must create and confirm the Catholic ascendancy.

Would Gladstonian Home Rule fail as Grattan's Home Rule failed? It is doubtful whether the one problem throws any light on the other. The conditions are different; the systems themselves are different. The troubles of the last century were mostly political and religious; the difficulties of this are, in the main, economic and social. The Ireland of 1800 was

after which he had a substantial luncheon, and the waiter also noticed his unusually generous donation. He soon afterwards left by the Rome-Pisa line, and it turns out that this individual was no other than the notorious brigand Ansuini, who, as well as his formidable rivals, Tiburzi and Fiorasanti, is still at large. He delights in hairbreadth escapes and in taunting and defying the authorities when barely out of their reach.

An International Exhibition will be opened at Antwerp on May 5 next year, under the patronage of the King of the Belgians, with the Count of Flanders as president. It will be twice as large as the Antwerp Exhibition of 1885, and will include a special exhibition for the Congo Free State, the remarkable Belgian political and commercial enterprise in Central Africa.

The stone reredos behind the altar-table in the choir of the Manchester Cathedral is to be removed and a new one erected in its stead, designed by Mr. Basil Champneys. It will be an elaborate carved open work of cedar wood.

The Rev. J. B. Barraclough, M.A., many years a worker in Bethnal Green, has been offered by the trustees, and has accepted, the living of St. Thomas, Westminster Bridge Road.

The German expedition, which started from the coast of the Cameroons in February last, has arrived on the African coast again. This expedition, which was under the command of Freiherr von Stetten, proceeded up the river Sannaga to Balinga, whence it travelled to the thickly populated district of Tikar, and reached Ngaundero and Yola. Treaties were concluded with the native tribes.



DUBLIN CASTLE

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The craving to see ourselves as others see us may be easily satisfied for a shilling. Burns lived before the days of American magazines, or he would not have written the couplet which still enjoys the reputation of philosophy. You cannot take up a number of *Harper's* without finding our national character, customs, and language surveyed from an impartial standpoint. Last month Mr. Dudley Warner congratulated his countrymen on the fact that they speak, not English, but "the language of the United States." His authority for this discovery was a decree of Congress, and who can gainsay such a tribunal? This month Mr. Richard Harding Davis describes an English election, and while he is deeply impressed by the moral discipline of the Corrupt Practices Act, he deplores the employment of women in electioneering and the habit of "heckling." In America it would be thought indecent for a Republican to attend a Democratic meeting and put hostile questions to the candidate. No American citizen would dream of allowing his wife and daughters to go canvassing. Mr. Harding Davis was shocked to find the ladies of a county family mixing with mobs and sitting on platforms, and he noted with disapproval that a well-known actress covered the walls of her house with the posters of the Conservative champion. Curiously enough, Mr. Harding Davis did not also observe that public spirit in this country embraces all classes, whereas in America a lively interest in the

I have often wondered why Sir Herbert Maxwell figures so constantly in the reviews, but now I understand that it is his honourable function to repair the ravages of originality. If the public were a helpless prey to the speculations of Mr. Grant Allen, no nervous system would survive, but the thoughtful beneficence of editors provides us with a safeguard in the amiable commonplaces of the baronet who commits to type his innocent reflections on the memoirs of Madame Récamier, and other works which no gentleman's library should be without. I see that Sir Herbert Maxwell has a rival in Sir Edward Strachey, whose unimpeachable musings on "Love and Marriage," assisted by copious quotations from the poets, are evidently designed to tone down the exuberance of daring intellect in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Dudley Warner carries on in *Harper's* these gentle reminders of highly respectable conventions. He laments the decline of "femininity" in the writings of women. Why does a woman nowadays lurk behind a masculine pseudonym and cultivate a manly style? Why do John Oliver Hobbes and Charles Egbert Craddock beguile their womanhood by seeming otherwise? Style, I suppose, depends very much upon environment. Mrs. Emily Crawford relates in the *Contemporary* how she served her apprenticeship to journalism amid the roar of cannon, and carried her life in her hand during the Commune. This was scarcely a suitable schooling for that "femininity" which Mr. Dudley Warner loves.

There is an interesting, though somewhat involved, explanation by the author of "Dodo" in the *Nineteenth Century* of the principles of novel-writing. Mr. Benson has apparently been disturbed by the rumour that the

MAN IN ART.

Man in Art. By P. G. Hamerton. (Macmillan and Co.)—Whatever Mr. Hamerton writes is sure to command the respectful attention of those even who differ from his views or dissent from his conclusions. Few art critics—perhaps none in our own time—can bring to bear upon his subject the extent of knowledge, the purity of taste, and the practical experience which Mr. Hamerton possesses. He need not fear the charge of narrowness of mind or purpose from any who attempt to follow him over the wide fields of which, in this volume, he has indicated the various boundaries, leaving to the imagination the still boundless expanse beyond the limits of his criticism. The portrait-painter, who is, perhaps the last evolution of the student of "Man in Art," can only hope to reach his goal by long study—literary, scientific, and technical. In like manner, Mr. Hamerton shows us how the art itself has passed through its several stages, from the rudimentary as seen in the colossal Egyptian figures, of which the date is hidden in the folded mantle of the past, down to the most recent observers and translators of life in its feverish aspect as presented by modern painters. Through all the changes which art has seen figure-drawing has remained a *positive* study; whilst in landscape-painting the substitution of the vague for the concrete and "soft sentiment for hard reality" has been regarded as an advance in art. It is, as Mr. Hamerton remarks, one of the claims which Alma-Tadema has to our recognition, that by diligent work he has given a new and welcome precision and exactness to



SCENE FROM "THE HANDSOME HUMES," BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Illustration by William Small in "Harper's Magazine."

government of the nation is regarded by many as a social disgrace. This sentiment is not entirely without sympathisers in England. You may detect it in Mr. Traill's homily in the *National Review* on the ignorance of the British elector. Mr. Traill attributes all the political evils which are descending upon us to "the crime of 1867," when the democracy was enfranchised. If there were no household suffrage there would be no question of Home Rule, and the decadence in our politics would have been arrested by the wisdom of an electorate which excluded the masses of the people. I wonder Mr. Traill does not date the "crime" further back, and tell us all would have been well but for the Reform Act of 1832.

It is sad to think that the evolution of our political system cannot be checked like Professor St. George Mivart's heresy about hell. The Holy Office has declared that distinguished man's views to be contrary to "faith and morals," and the judgment is emphasised by the learning of Father Clarke in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Mivart has humbly submitted to the authority of the Church, and there is an end of the matter. Father Clarke is a more fortunate controversialist than Mr. Traill. It must be so comforting to have an infallible tribunal at your back, instead of being left at the mercy of criminal statesmen and a democracy which is so unreasonable as to insist on having a voice in the management of its own affairs.

If Father Clarke's exposition does not satiate the appetite for theology, there is plenty of similar fare in Archdeacon Farrar's rejoinder to Canon Knox Little in the *Contemporary*, not to mention a very unorthodox diatribe by Mr. Grant Allen in the *Fortnightly*. Mr. Grant Allen is of opinion that the Christian usage of burial has retarded the progress of civilisation by at least six centuries. The reader who gasps a little over this information may find a sedative in Sir Herbert Maxwell's discourse in the *Nineteenth Century* on friendship. This article contains nothing more startling than the statement that the beauty of woman is a great obstacle to friendship between the sexes.

heroine of his clever story is an actual portrait, for he is at great pains to show that the novelist ought to mould types and not take photographs. Signor Salvini continues his autobiography in the *Century*, and offers an interesting criticism of Mr. Irving, who, by the way, contributes to the *English Illustrated* some impressions of his "four favourite parts"—Hamlet, Iago, Richard III., and King Lear. Salvini describes Mr. Irving's Hamlet as an incomparable impersonation of some qualities of the character, but deficient in passion. In the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Henry Clapp compares Mr. Irving's Hamlet unfavourably with Mr. Edwin Booth's. Mr. Booth was to Mr. Clapp the model of the "classic" tragedian. It is worthy of note that Salvini applies to the whole character of Hamlet the very word which critics like Mr. Clapp are so fond of applying to Mr. Irving. Hamlet is "eccentric"—that is to say, he is absolutely unlike everything that is commonly understood by the term "classic." It was Mr. Booth's "classic" method which to many of us made his Hamlet little more than a piece of graceful elocution. Of the mystery, the satire, the intense and subtly varied humanity of the part, he never appeared to me to have any conception. Salvini's criticism is striking, because he really does see some of the characteristics for which Mr. Irving's Hamlet is unapproachable, and which no other actor in our time has even suggested. In the *New Review*, Sir Augustus Harris reveals the fact that it was Lord Charles Beresford who persuaded him to revive opera at Drury Lane. That is an unsuspected achievement by the popular sailor. I am sorry to say there is nothing unsuspected in the article on Jane Austen in the *Monthly Packet*. The immortal Jane was a very bad hand at describing scenery, but because she once wrote some commonplace raptures about Lyme, Mr. John Vaughan favours us with much guide-book eloquence on the same subject. There is both new and interesting matter in Major Martin Hume's article in the *Fortnightly* on Durham Place, one of the old palaces in the Strand.

L. F. A.

our notions of ancient life—as the beautiful study given by him well exemplifies.

On the delicate question of beauty—whether in art or nature—Mr. Hamerton dissents wholly from the idea that it can be defined. We have the evidence, to our eyes apparently contradictory, of what has constituted beauty in the eyes of artists whose taste and judgment it is impossible for us to impugn. Mr. Hamerton, however, avoids rather than explains this difficulty, that the perception of beauty is a sort of sixth or Spallanzanic sense with which some of us may or may not be endowed. At all events, the "common measure" of beauty in such types as the Venus of Arles, and Helena Forman, a Madonna of Botticelli, and that of J. F. Millet, would be difficult, if not impossible, to calculate.

We have not space to follow Mr. Hamerton in his interesting survey of the history and revivals of figure and genre painting. Nor have we sufficient technical acquaintance with the subject to discuss the limitations of portraiture. We readily acknowledge the services of religion to art, and recognise that whilst for a time the ascetic spirit of the Dark Ages obscured the bright humanity of Pagan art and its true reverence for physical perfection, it was to this religious feeling that art owed its emancipation from realism and the true foundations of imaginative art were laid. To those for whom these and other cognate subjects have an interest, Mr. Hamerton's elaborate treatise will be a safe as well as a fascinating guide. No one can better indicate the landmarks of the wide expanse over which he conducts the reader, nor better describe their meaning and the lessons to which they severally point. In his task he has been admirably seconded by his publishers and his illustrators. Various schools of art—from Greek to Japanese—are exemplified by specimens of their productions in painting, sculpture, etching, and engraving; and modern art has been skilfully employed to reproduce by the most attractive and varied processes the specimens selected by Mr. Hamerton to support his views on religious and historical art, and the part played therein by man.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NOTTINGHAM.

From Photographs by Messrs. Frith and Co., of Reigate.

NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

The annual Congress of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is held at Nottingham, to open formally on Wednesday, Sept. 13, when Professor Burdon Sanderson, the eminent physiologist, delivers his inaugural address. This makes an occasion for presenting some views of that important provincial town and its neighbourhood. Many travellers by railway who have not stopped to enter its streets must have noticed its striking general aspect, rising boldly on the broken declivities of a sandstone rock, on the northern bank of the river

Saxon times. A Roman station had probably existed there, but no "castrum," or "chester"; and if some fugitive Britons, at the invasion of this island by the Northmen,

liament, the King raised his standard here. The townspeople, however, were on the Parliament side, and Colonel Hutchinson afterwards held the Castle against



THE SCHOOL OF ART.

Trent, overlooking fair green meadows and woodlands, and the pretty rural village of Wilford, by the riverside, with its fine avenues of elms and its pleasant path leading towards Clifton Grove. Those places are haunted by some poetical and literary associations with the names of Henry Kirke White, William and Mary Howitt, and Henry Sutton, but Nottinghamshire is a county rich in similar recollections, as well as in those of stirring events in English history. Its chief town, which has 100,000 inhabitants, and is the principal seat of the lace and hosiery manufactures, was founded in



LONG ROW.

Danes, or Saxons, sought refuge in artificial caverns of the soft sandstone hill, that may account for the Saxon name, "Snotinge-ham," which signified a dwelling among the rocks. King Edward the Elder, in the year 910, built a

the forces of the King. It was dismantled by order of Cromwell. The Crown had already granted its ownership or custody to the Earl of Rutland; and it was given by Charles II. to Villiers, Duke of



CASTLE GATE.



THE MARKET PLACE.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NOTTINGHAM.

From Photographs by Messrs. Frith and Co., of Reigate.

THE NEW GUILDHALL.



WOLLATON HALL.

Buckingham, who sold it to William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle.

The existing ruins of the old Castle, adjacent to the drill-hall of the Volunteer Rifle Battalion, comprise the gate-house and barbican, portions of three bastions, and other remnants of fortification. The grand mansion, of Renaissance style, with Corinthian pillars in the eastern facade, built in the latter part of the seventeenth century by the Duke of Newcastle, was burnt in 1831 by the rioters in the Reform Bill agitation. Here is now a museum of local antiquities. Of the town walls and gates, and of the ancient market-crosses, nothing remains. The modern public buildings are worthy of remark: the Exchange Hall, in the Market-place; the new Guildhall, the County Hall, the Mechanics' Institute, the Museum and School of Art, the Assembly Rooms, the Free Grammar School, the General Hospital, and two endowed hospitals, and other institutions. Of the three parish churches, St. Mary's is the largest, and its lofty pinnacled tower is conspicuous in every view of the town; the nave and transepts are of fourteenth-century Gothic; the west front has been restored, and the large windows filled with handsome stained glass. St. Peter's Church, in the lower part of the town, has undergone much alteration, and that of St. Nicholas was destroyed in the siege of 1647, and was rebuilt of brick. All Saints' Church, erected thirty years ago, is a stately edifice in the Early Decorated Gothic style. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is one of Pugin's finest architectural works.

Excursions for members of the British Association and their friends to different places of interest within reach of Nottingham have been arranged for Saturday, Sept. 16, and Thursday, Sept. 21. Two separate parties visit, on the last-mentioned day, Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Portland, and Clumber, the Duke of Newcastle's. Belvoir Castle, Haddon Hall, and Chatsworth, and several

places in Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, and Derbyshire will be accessible. One of those most attractive by the associations with its name is Newstead Abbey, between Nottingham and Mansfield, formerly the seat of Lord Byron. Our view shows the front of the mansion adjacent to the ruined western wall of the ancient Abbey or Priory Church, which is a beautiful example of Early English ecclesiastical architecture; Newstead was granted by King Henry VIII. to Sir John Byron,

in August 1866. "The attendance on that occasion," writes a chronicler of these events, "was good—2303—and the grants for scientific purposes amounted to £1750. Many men of mark were present, and many burning questions were discussed. Most of those who took a prominent part in that meeting have now either retired from activity or are no longer living. The president of the 1866 Nottingham meeting was Sir William Grove, then Mr. Grove, Q.C., who five years later was raised to the Bench, from which he

retired in 1887. Sir William Grove's scientific researches, and more especially his great work on 'The Correlation of the Physical Forces,' had raised him to a high rank as an investigator and thinker. His address was a masterly review of the state of scientific progress at the date of the meeting, and a perusal of it will show that, while during these years science has advanced with giant strides, we are still as far as ever from finality on any of the great problems that have so perplexing an interest to thoughtful minds. Wheatstone presided over Section A, Bence Jones over B, Ramsay over C, Huxley over D (with Humphry and A. R. Wallace for the sub-sections of Physiology and Anthropology), Sir Charles Nicholson over E, Thorold Rogers over F, and Hawkesley over G, but the sectional addresses had hardly yet become recognised as indispensable. Professor Ramsay, who presided in the Section of Geology, made a few extemporaneous remarks, and referred to the sectional addresses as a comparatively new departure. Most of the addresses, apart from that of the president himself, were short; at the present time they usually occupy an hour."

Though the programme of this year's congress may not equal that of 1866 in scientific importance, it promises not to fall behind those of more recent meetings. Most of the sections will meet in the buildings of University College, while several other public buildings have been placed at the disposal of the Association.



TRENT BRIDGE.

Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, when the monasteries were dissolved. Within three miles west of Nottingham is Wollaton, the old seat of the Willoughby family; a great hall, the exterior of which presents a massive central tower and two square angle towers at the ends, as shown in our view. The grand feature of the interior is a noble hall, 60 ft. high, with a fine roof of carved timber.

This is the second meeting of the British Association at Nottingham, where it assembled twenty-seven years ago,



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Several correspondents have written sending extracts which clearly prove that the account given by Humboldt of the capture of electrical eels in South America by means of horses driven into the pools, was (as I thought) that presumably of an eye-witness. The quotations sent me leave no reasonable doubt on that head. Whether, therefore, Humboldt was describing a practice of catching the eels since given up, or whether he reported something which was matter of hearsay only, I do not profess to decide. Perhaps I may still hope that some reader of these pages resident in South America may further confirm the account given of the capture of the eels by the indiarubber-clad hands of the Indians, and also inform us if capture by means of horses was ever practised at all.

A lady correspondent has taken the trouble to forward two passages relative to the so-called occurrence of frogs and toads in solid rocks. One of these passages relates to the story of a remarkable chimney-piece in a room at Chillingham Castle, one of the stones of which, on being sawn in course of preparation, is said to have exhibited "a cavity containing a living toad, as testified by the nidus, still to be seen, and by a rude painting of a toad upon a wooden tablet." I am afraid this is evidence hardly admitting of serious criticism. The account itself alleges that the workmen "are said to have found" this amphibian phenomenon. Clearly the narrator had got the story from somebody else, and it is only hearsay evidence at the best. Is the "nidus" (by which, I presume, is meant the cavity in the stone in which the living toad is alleged to have dwelt) "still to be seen" at Chillingham Castle? And will some reader who knows the Castle kindly decide this point for me? As for the "rude painting," that may be left out of count altogether. It is not evidence at all of anything decisive about the living toad; but if any information does come to hand about the "nidus" at Chillingham, perhaps the nature of the painting may also be noted, by way of making the account complete. The story is taken from "The Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend" for 1887, page 272.

In "Sykes' Local Records," vol. 2, page 50 (1809), is related the story of a gap in a wall near Bamborough, which had been opened to allow of the passage of carts. A toad had been incarcerated in the centre of the wall sixteen years before by a mason, George Wilson by name. This toad was found alive on the breaking up of the wall, and was set at liberty. It was not secured—why such a curiosity and zoological treasure was not at once seized and delicately attended to as a *rara avis* passes comprehension—but, "as if sensible of the blessings of freedom, made its way to a collection of stones and disappeared." As that "nidus" or "nest" made by the mason cannot be forthcoming, and as the toad itself cannot be produced as a kind of *corpus delicti*, I must be excused from accepting this story also, on the reasonable ground of the Scottish verdict, "Not proven."

There is yet another story sent me by my correspondent of a block of freestone taken from a quarry at Byker Hill, near Newcastle-on-Tyne (date Nov. 18, 1812), and weighing nearly three tons in weight, in the middle of which was found a live toad, residing in a cavity to which "there was no passage," which "was the model of its figure," and which "was lined with a black substance suffused with moisture." This story asks us tacitly to believe that the toad was as old as the rock, that the rock was solid, and that the age of the living animal corresponded with the geological aeons which must have elapsed since the rock's formation. On such bare evidence I again decline to credit any incident to believe in the reality of which would simply upset all one's notions of life and vitality, and of the conditions under which that vitality can be maintained. One must have evidence such as would at least convince a judge and jury before one can reasonably be expected to relinquish beliefs consistent with our knowledge of the possibilities of life's survival under such inconceivably hard extremes.

Do scorpions commit suicide, and do rattlesnakes sting themselves to death? are questions which scientists are at present debating. Mr. Edward S. Holden, for instance, maintains that both queries may be answered in the affirmative, while Professor E. Ray Lankester contends for a negative reply. When scorpions do wound themselves by implanting the sting at the end of the tail into their own bodies, Professor Lankester sees in this act merely "the spasmodic struggles of an animal artificially confined and tortured," the struggles being, through an error in observation, "mistaken for efforts at self-destruction." The biting of the animal's self, in the case of snake or scorpion, it is contended, may be compared to the act of a man mortally wounded "biting the dust," or to the biting of the hand or arm by children in a paroxysm of rage. What seems to be a fatal objection to Mr. Holden's views that a rattlesnake may commit suicide is the reported observation that the snake's poison has no lethal effect upon itself, or upon another rattlesnake. Presuming this observation to be correct (it is given by Professor Ray Lankester), the case for snake self-destruction would seem to be put out of court altogether.

Speaking of snakes reminds me that Dr. Louis Robinson has a most interesting article in the *North American Review* for August on the natural history of the hiss. He traces the terror animals exhibit towards snakes to an inherited instinct, dating from a far-back period, when ancestral forms began to distinguish the ophidian "hiss" as a sign of warning and danger which it was their duty to avoid. Dr. Robinson also mentions the instructive analogies presented by the cat tribe and by other animals (e.g., some birds) to snakes, the hissing included. This sibilation, in short, is a danger-note and signal which, in the course of vital evolution, has held its own all along the line of serpent development especially. It is an "impression" which has become stereotyped into a permanency equally in the snake and in the animals to which it serves as a warning.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E J N (Cambridge).—Your opponent must begin to count immediately you give him notice, and as he had not mated you on his fiftieth move the game is drawn. But you ought to have been mated in a dozen at most.

G K ANSELL.—The three-mover, we fear, has another solution by 1. B to K B 4th and 2. P to Kt mates.

J. M. ROBERT.—Correct, but too easy for publicity.

C T BLANSHARD.—Mate on the move by 1. Kt to Q 6th. There are other solutions in two moves besides your own.

E B SCHWANN.—Sound and very good.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2571 and 2572 received from R N Ramharayan (Hoshangabad); of No. 2574 from W F Jones (Belle-ville); of No. 2575 from R Worters (Canterbury); of No. 2576 from Emile Frau (Lyons), G R Conyngham, John Meale (Mattishall), J D Tucker (Leeds), Rev G E Dodd (Hednesford), J C Ireland, R Worters, E Hacking (Leeds), Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), J M K Lupton (Richmond), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), John Edwardes, and Frank R Pickering.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2577 received from R H Brooks, T G (Ware), Henry Brandreth, Stirling (Ramsgate), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), E E II, J Coad, J D Tucker, C M A B, L Desanges, R Worters, C E Perugini, A Newman, Julia Short (Exeter), Admiral Brandreth, F J Knight, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Captain J A Challice, W P Hind, Martin F, T Roberts, G R Conyngham, H F W Lane (Stroud), W Wright, E Louden, A J Habgood (Haslar), Alpha, Hereward, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W R Baillem, Shadforth, J Hall, H B Harford, J Ross (Whitley), W R B (Plymouth), Sorrento (Dawlish), Dawn, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), G Joicey, and Henry Byrnes (Torquay).

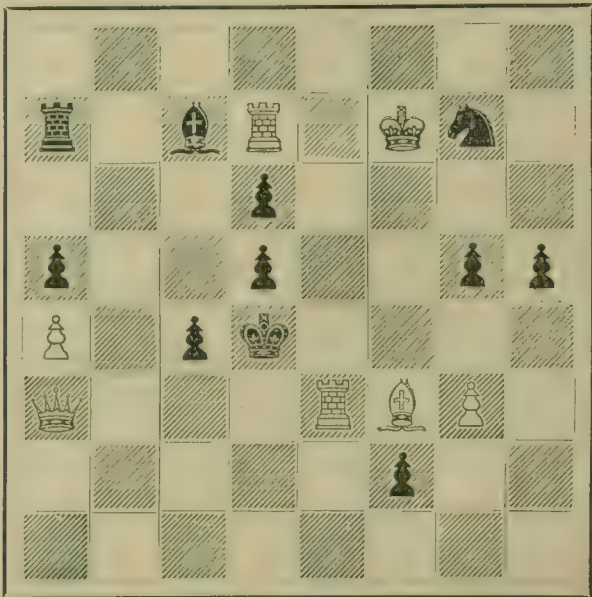
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2576.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 7th Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2579.

By PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK.



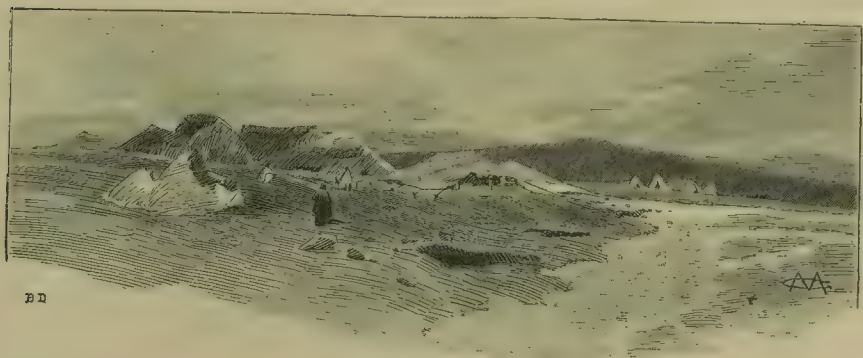
A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO: FEZ.

The city of Fez, where M. Montbard, our Special Artist, made a variety of sketches, has partly been described. The old town, called Fas el Bali, divided by walls from New Fez, where the Court of the Sultan and the aristocratic and wealthy residences are situated, is crowded with inhabitants and strangers. Different quarters are occupied by the several guilds of traders, shopkeepers, and artisans, the smiths, the potters, the cutlers, the cloth-makers, the tailors, the shoemakers, the embroiderers, the workers in leather, and other craftsmen, each squatting in his little nook on a raised and carpeted floor. In the Kessariah, or Exchange, auctioneers dispose of all sorts of manufactured goods. The streets are very

of the country for sale, and caravans frequently arrive at Fez. Yet the traffic does not seem considerable, and there is a general aspect of decay and squalor in this part of the city. The houses of the richer classes, in Fas Jedid, are rendered attractive by their large gardens, often planted with orange-trees and abounding in flowers, watered pleasantly by small canals.

Fez was, probably, the first city founded by the Mohammedan Arab conquerors of Morocco in the eighth century of the Christian era. It became, in the Middle Ages, the commercial centre of Moorish dominion in North Africa, and the headquarters, not only of Moslem theological studies, but of Arabic literary and scientific learning, to which Europe is more indebted than modern nations are generally inclined to acknowledge. Its schools and colleges, its famous libraries, which are now empty of their former vast collections of books, many of these having been translations or compilations, made in Egypt, of the works of Greek authors under the Macedonian or Roman Empire, attracted travelling students from Spain, Italy, and France, and more than one from England. Philosophers, physicians, lawyers, mathematicians, historians, and poets could find at Fez precious materials for a knowledge of the intellectual treasures of classical antiquity, mingled with Asiatic lore. All this has been submerged by the dark flood of barbarism which for many ages past has overspread Morocco, like the Mohammedan countries of the East; but, though few cities have a more thoroughly demoralised population, its mosques and "Zaouias," or divinity schools, are still frequented by zealous professors of the Mussulman creed, and their Ulemas and Shorfas exercise great authority, being the infallible exponents of orthodox religion and the law of Islam. They derive large revenues from house property bequeathed by pious testators

of former generations, and collectively have greater real power than the Sultan of Morocco. The pashas, courtiers, nobles, and all secular officials indemnify themselves, as a rule, by robbing the Jews, whose condition is so forcibly described in Mr. Hall Caine's romance "The Scapegoat."



A VILLAGE NEAR FEZ.

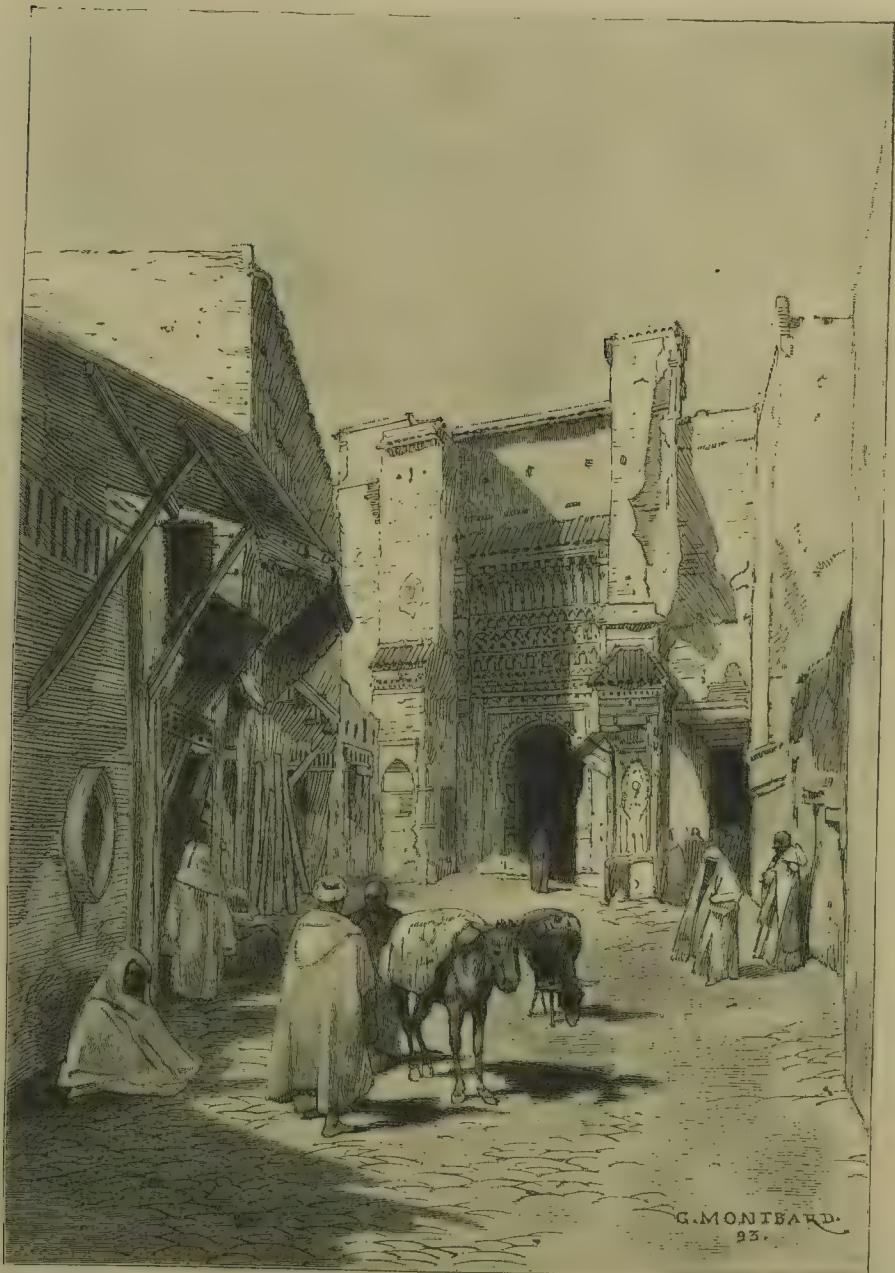
narrow, except the long main street which runs straight through the town, and are mostly covered by overhanging eaves of the houses to exclude the scorching sunshine, but are disagreeable from the close air and bad smells. Here and there is a small open square, and some buildings are found which merit notice for their architectural beauty or for the sculptured adornment of their doors. Among these are the superior "fondaks," built for the accommodation of merchants, one of which has a magnificent gateway leading into an open courtyard surrounded by wooden galleries decorated with fine carved ornament. Most of the dealers in articles of European manufacture are Jews, while travelling merchants, from the southern provinces, offer the produce

of the country for sale, and caravans frequently arrive at Fez. Yet the traffic does not seem considerable, and there is a general aspect of decay and squalor in this part of the city. The houses of the richer classes, in Fas Jedid, are rendered attractive by their large gardens, often planted with orange-trees and abounding in flowers, watered pleasantly by small canals.

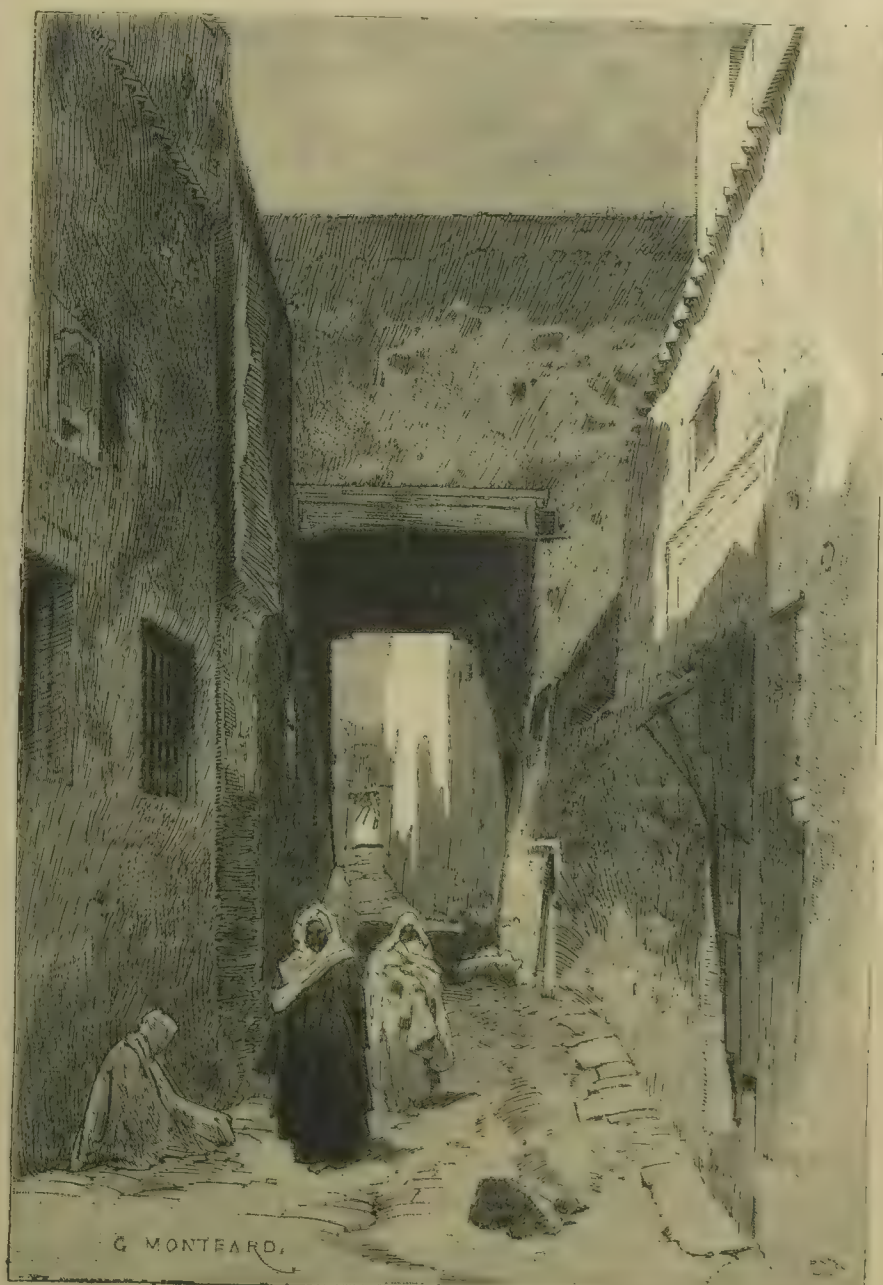


A HOUSE SERVANT OF FEZ.

The Sultan's palace at Fez was built by Sidi Mohammed, the father of the present Sultan. Its interior is not seen by strangers. A former sovereign, Mulai Yezid, once began to erect a palace which was to have been the largest in the world; but the walls of only one room were built, which hall was never roofed, and forms a large open square, 200 or 300 yards long and 100 yards wide, the walls being 70 ft. or 80 ft. high.



GATEWAY OF A FONDAK IN FEZ.



A STREET IN FEZ.

ART NOTES.

It is little credit to us as a nation that, with our real or assumed love of art and nature, we should silently submit to see the one degraded and the other defiled by the "enterprise" of speculative builders and advertising quacks. If with us the *fin de siècle* is to be an age of disfigurement, we should not affect indignation at the ways of our American cousins when we are told of the uses to which they turn the grandest sights of their continent to which visitors are attracted. The charm of English scenery has hitherto been its quiet rurality. We fly to the country to get away from the sordidness of town life and to forget its hideousness and its noisy struggles, but no longer distance lends enchantment to the view. The quiet fields, the mountain sides, and even the sea-girt rocks are disfigured by appeals to our credulity or reminders of our ailments. On the other hand, the steady absorption of spots where once we could enjoy the beauties of the scenery is making town life everywhere less lovable, and cutting off from thousands for the gratification of the few the already too

preferences of the majority of contemporary English picture collectors.

The statement that Eastern Switzerland annually exports machine-made embroideries to the value of £4,000,000, and that the industry is steadily increasing, is not pleasant news for those who are anxious for the prosperity of the Irish lace trade. Up to the close of the last century, the Swiss, like the rest of the world, were content to ply the needle and use the pillow, but their work was little appreciated outside their own country. In 1827 a workman of St. Gall, named Heilmann, invented and set up two embroidery machines in his native town, but he met with little success or encouragement. It was not until 1850 that Heilmann's patent was so much improved that it could turn out work fit for exportation; but in 1854, "Hamburgs," as the Swiss embroidery was called, found sudden favour in the United States, and the American demand went on steadily increasing. In 1872 the adjoining canton of Appenzell entered the field with brocades, damask, and chain-stitch embroideries, and the Nottingham trade was so seriously

influenced. It is now five or six years since it was decided by the Minister of Public Instruction that the art treasures of Siam needed investigation; but it was not until 1891 that M. Fournereau was despatched to Bangkok to commence his wanderings. The result of his labours appears almost simultaneously with the advance of the French troops; and it must be admitted that the new rulers of the country will find some interesting objects of a remote antiquity worthy of the protection of an art-loving nation. The two most important cities of the Thais, or older inhabitants of Siam, are situated at a considerable distance from the present capital, Bangkok; and it required eighteen days' journey up the river Menam before the site of Sakhodaya was reached. From this spot M. Fournereau had to make his way through jungle more or less dense; but on all sides he was rewarded by the discovery of magnificent ruins, overgrown with tropical vegetation, but in most cases bearing evidence of high artistic power. Colossal statues of Buddhist deities, Brahmanic temples, and ruined pagodas were found in the deepest recesses of the forests; while in the more northern districts the



"CAUGHT!"

few opportunities of enjoying the rusticity for which England once claimed a pre-eminence among the nations.

The art treasures of this country would be better appreciated if those who, unambitious of founding picture galleries, were satisfied with pictures would permit the contents of their treasure-houses to be revealed. In the current number of the *Art Journal* there is a case in point. Mr. Justice Day has recently allowed a competent friend to pass in review his collection of French pictures, which give an unexpected idea of the extent to which the Barbizon school was esteemed by the few before it was known to the many. Corot, Rousseau, J. F. Millet, Daubigny, and others are represented by effective and characteristic works. Troyon and his Belgian pupil, Van Marcke, are seen to excellent advantage. The French Romanticists, who flourished from 1830 until the days of the Second Empire, will always occupy a special place in art, and although our National Gallery seems unwilling to recognise their value as instructors, it is satisfactory to find private collectors imbued with a more catholic taste. Sir John Day does not stand alone as an owner of French works of this school, and probably within the limits even of one quarter of London sufficient examples could be found to show that in their exclusiveness the trustees of the National Gallery do not faithfully represent the

affected that more than one of our fellow-countrymen found it expedient to start mills on Swiss territory. The experiment, however, was not altogether satisfactory, for the Swiss Cantonal and Federal authorities found means of levying taxes which left their own countrymen with certain definite advantages. The merits of Swiss embroideries were consequently more than ever forced upon the attention of the public, and had not the workmen and workwomen quarrelled with the rate of wages they were able to earn—generally about two francs a day—the development of the industry would have probably proceeded without check. For the last few years, however, the struggle between the employers and their hands has brought about a considerable rise in the cost of production—which has to be paid by the consumers—and it is not surprising to learn that at this time dealers are looking for substitutes for the St. Gall and Appenzell embroideries, and it is an open question whether the "sprigging" and hand needlework of West Donegal and other parts of Ireland may not profit by the trade disputes of Switzerland.

It is well known that the Russian advances in Central Asia were in nearly every case consequent upon "scientific" missions undertaken, as we were assured, with no ulterior object. In like manner the French seem to have a way of making artistic explorations of countries which subsequently are to be brought within the range of their

objects discovered were more like those recently brought to light in Corea than those common to India and China.

It will be a satisfaction to many a schoolboy that his attempts to give a date to the founding of Troy are not more hopeless than those of his elders. For the last twenty or thirty years the building of the original city of King Priam has receded further and further into the past. Dr. Schliemann showed no little boldness when he proved to his own satisfaction that the city about which Homer sang was probably covered by two—certainly by one—later cities, which had been raised upon the same site. Madame Schliemann has, with the aid of Professor Dörpfeld, gone three or four "better," for between them they have come to the conclusion that the Homeric city was probably hidden away under five other subsequently destroyed cities. Professor Dörpfeld, during the past few months, has exhumed a number of objects belonging to the Mycenaean period, at a depth far below that ever reached by Dr. Schliemann, and he claims to have discovered the foundations of an Acropolis, built with hewn stones measuring sixteen feet in width, and the traces of buildings of almost equal Cyclopean proportions. It will not, however, be for some time that the exact value of these discoveries will be fully appreciated, the climate of Hissarlik necessitating a suspension of work during the summer months.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Prior to departing for America on another extended tour, Mrs. Kendal has played for the first time the now celebrated Paula in Mr. Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a performance that has won the enthusiastic praise of the many admirers of the "fine play." According to all accounts, Mrs. Kendal plays Paula so magnificently that she makes the audience laugh where it should cry, and ensures at the conclusion the critical verdict of the majority, "How on earth could that particular man marry that particular woman?" There can be no doubt of the effect of the performance on the audience, or for the laughter where the author intended tears, for we have it on the authority of Mr. William Archer, who appears to sorrow over the circumstance. But no one who has carefully studied the play can be surprised at the result. The better the part of Paula is played the more unnatural does she appear as a woman; the finer the performance in its unblushing realism the more is the audience horrified and shocked at the woman's monstrous and exceptional nature, and feels convinced that no such man as this hero is depicted could, under any circumstances, have dreamed of humanising such a savage. Mr. George Moore was one of the first to point this out in a very observant criticism combating the views of Mr. Archer, and the performance of Mrs. Kendal seems, on the confession of Mr. Archer, to justify everything that Mr. George Moore said. There would have been no necessity whatever to revert to the circumstance that the leading authors of Germany and England have accidentally hit upon the same subject for realistic dramatic treatment had not some innocent remarks of mine on what is unquestionably a "strange coincidence" been treated with such pedagogic pedantry and Podsnapian severity by my contemporaries. They treat me as the veriest schoolboy, and call me to order as if I had no right to any opinion but theirs, and that no dogs are allowed to bark save Sir Oracle. One says, more in sorrow than in anger, that I "really ought to know better." Another tells me that if I discover what others have failed to discover "I risk my great reputation." A third talks of my "preposterous charge of plagiarism." A fourth puts me into a corner like a naughty boy, and will not allow me to come out until I have apologised. I have, it appears, plainly insinuated plagiarism against Pinero, and "have done so on such trumpety pretences that it now devolves on Mr. Scott to produce something more substantial than his present allegations to explain and excuse his action!" Hoity-toity! these are brave words indeed! The majority, driven into a corner, claim for Mr. Pinero that he has treated his subject in an English manner and not in any foreign fashion, forgetting that the object of a dramatist is to obey nature first and special society after. Sardou and Dumas would not take it as a very special compliment if they were told that they had written their greatest works for France, and not from their observation of human nature at large. But the most comical of all the objections is that Mr. Pinero does not treat his subject with the ponderosity of a heavy-handed

German! This is the very first time that Paul Lindau has been charged with a heavy hand, he having the lightest of styles; and I may here parenthetically observe, what is a matter of some moment, that Lindau has quite as great a reputation as a dramatist in Germany as Pinero has at home.

As everyone knows who read my article, I made no charge of plagiarism against Mr. Pinero whatever. In a spirit of banter I discussed a "strange coincidence," and regretted that owing to this "strange coincidence" it would be impossible for anyone to translate Lindau's admirable play, or for the public to see how it is possible for two authors starting from the same premiss to arrive at exactly opposite conclusions. Mr. Pinero has in the frankest and most candid manner declared that neither directly nor indirectly has he ever heard of Lindau's play or its story. If he had done so he would have acknowledged it. No one doubts it. But the fact remains that Lindau two years ago, and Pinero now, based a play of modern life upon precisely the same problem. That problem briefly is this: A woman who has sinned seeks to rehabilitate herself, and be whitewashed by society through marriage. She marries. But she is confronted at the outset with the awkward and unpalatable truth that her old lover is the affianced husband of her own husband's nearest and dearest relative. Lindau makes this relative the husband's sister; Pinero makes her the husband's daughter by a former marriage. Now, out of this very simple and natural problem, which is the gist, the essence, and the groundwork of both plays, the German and the English author arrive at exactly opposite conclusions. The one, by treating the subject sympathetically, makes it natural; the other, by treating it unsympathetically, makes it to my mind unnatural and eminently disagreeable. In the one play we sympathise with the woman; in the other we pity the man.

In the German play the heroine is absolutely the victim of fate. She has sinned, but she has been the subject of male treachery. She believes honestly and from her heart that marriage will restore her peace of mind. She is a German Tess of the D'Urbervilles, with this exception—that she tells her story to her husband before marriage. But the German heroine is an example of the inevitable law that when we sin we have our punishment in this world. However good our intentions may be, down comes fate upon us when we least expect it. The fate, the *Ananke*, in this instance is that the woman's old lover is affianced to her husband's sister. He comes. She implores him to leave her in peace. But he will not budge. The man laughs. The woman must suffer. The man has got a new attachment. The woman must get out of her hobble as best she can. She has no one to help her. Her husband, irritated to madness by the discovery that this old lover, already confessed to him, is the idol of his own sister, unburies the old bone and taunts the wretched woman with the sin to which she had confessed and on account of which she had apparently received absolution. Broken-hearted, wretched, the victim of fate, unable to win back her husband's love, the miserable woman commits suicide, unable to bear the burden of her grief any longer. Now this, I venture to

say, is a perfectly natural, logical, and human view of the situation. It is what all really "fine" plays should be—the treatment of a natural subject from the point of view of humanity.

But Mr. Pinero, starting from the same barrier as the German, treats the subject very differently. He makes the woman wholly unsympathetic and brutal. He makes her the mistress of many lovers. He shocks her audience with her degraded frankness. He introduces the same finger of fate, in an old lover who is affianced to the husband's daughter. And he allows his heroine to commit suicide, not in despair or crushed by circumstances, but because this wretched and unnatural creature cannot endure the ignominy of old age! And what is the result? According to Mr. Archer the audience laughs in the wrong place, and all who study the play from the point of view of human nature own that this particular man would not have married that particular woman. *Voilà tout!* This is apparently the result of a brilliant performance by the first of English actresses—Mrs. Kendal.

Much complaint is made on the Fitzwilliam estates around Milton, Northamptonshire, of the havoc foxes have made among the young partridges. Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, who has entertained a small party at Milton Abbey, turned down a quantity of young birds for the present season. Of these, scarcely a brace has survived.

The centenary of the relief of Dunkirk from its siege by the English in 1793, at the beginning of the French Revolutionary War, is celebrated this year, on Sept. 9 and Sept. 10, by a musical festival, with fifty military and other bands, angling contests, bicycle races, a torchlight procession with ancient costumes, public balls, fireworks, and a naval sham fight in the new docks. The South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Companies issue cheap return tickets to Calais, available from Friday to Monday, and there are special tickets for the journey between Calais and Dunkirk.

A very sad disaster by fire in a dwelling-house, at 62, Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith, causing the loss of five lives in one family, took place on Monday morning, Sept. 4, between seven and eight o'clock. The family was that of Mr. George James Wale, plumber, builder, and dealer in oil and colours. He had risen early for his business, leaving Mrs. Wale and his children in the bed-rooms, and had gone to the kitchen behind his shop to make a cup of tea for his wife. A tank of paraffin oil in the kitchen, or the oil running from a tap, by some accident took fire, and the flames, spreading over the floor, attacked the stairs, preventing escape that way from the upper rooms, after he had hurried up there to save Mrs. Wale and the children. She, who was on the first floor, came out on the leads over the shop, carrying her baby, and was soon out of danger; but two young daughters on the second floor, one aged eighteen, another seven, and Mr. Wale himself, and two little boys were burnt to death or suffocated. Two other girls jumped out of the window, and one lies in peril of her life.

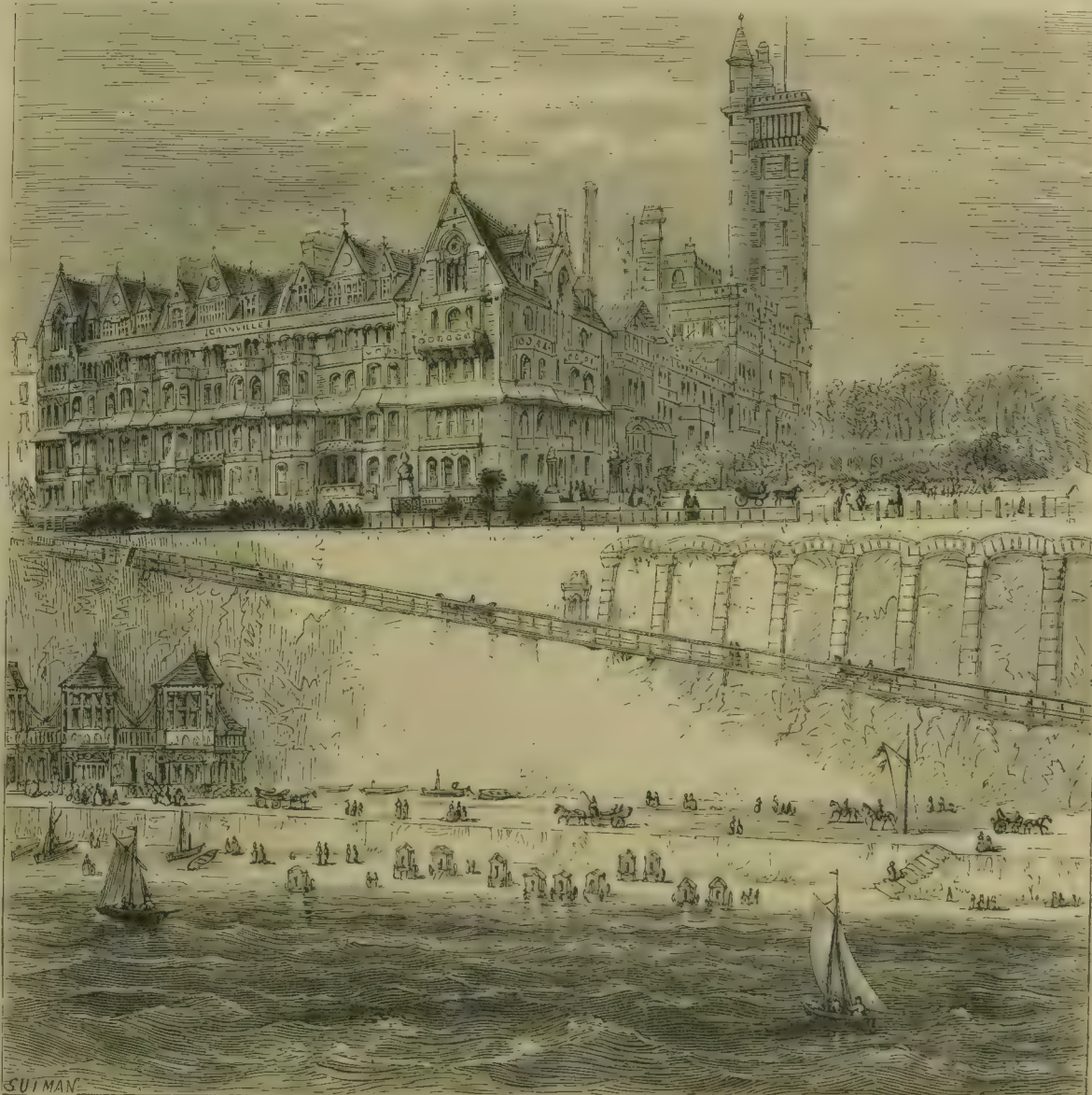
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Opinions of the Press.

"The Granville at Ramsgate is flourishing, to judge by the run upon it. The hotel itself is a monument of reckless expenditure by that Early English architect, Mr. Pugin; but this, of course, is to the benefit of those who use it. The food, which used to be so-so, is now excellent; the air is so fresh and crisp, even during the spell of hot weather, that eating is a positive pleasure."—*Truth*.

"From having been a long suffering victim to sciatica and rheumatism, I have tried most of the Continental waters with no such satisfactory result—except in the solitary case of Aix-les-Bains, perhaps—as the ozone baths at the hotel (the Granville), which afford the most efficacious relief to both complaints. As a hydropathic establishment, at which Turkish and other description of baths can be obtained, the Granville has undergone vast improvement since its occupation by Mr. Quartermaine East, and his son, Mr. Bate-man East; while the cuisine will compare with the Schweitzerhof at Lucerne, or any other renowned Continental hotel."—*Morning Post*.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 21, 1893), with two codicils, of Mr. John Horniman, late of Coombe Cliff, Croydon, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Aug. 30 by Frederick John Horniman, the son, and Samuel Robert Brewerton and Joseph Gundry Alexander, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £313,000. The testator leaves an annuity of £2000 to his wife, his house at Coombe Cliff, Croydon, to her for her life, and then to his son, Frederick John; £100,000 to his said son, and he settles on him his freehold estates at Bletchingley, Surrey. In addition to numerous gifts and annuities to relatives, friends, and servants, amounting to over £23,000, he gives the following charitable bequests, all free of legacy duty: £12,500 each to the Friends' Foreign Mission Association and the Friends' Syrian Mission Committee; £11,000 to the Friends' Home Mission Committee; £2000 to the Friends' Temperance Union; £10,000 each to the Peace Society, the Moravian Mission Society, and the North-Eastern Hospital for Children (Hackney Road); £5000 to the London Temperance Hospital; £2000 to the Howard Association for Prison Reform; £3000 to the Kingston Monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends for those in Indigent Circumstances; £5000 to the Bedford Institute, First Day School, and Home Mission Association; and £2000 each to the Friends' First Day School Association, the Friends' Christian Fellowship Union, and to Mr. R. B. Brockbank and others for the spread of Friends' principles in Scotland. The residue of his property he leaves to his grandson, Emslie John Horniman, and his granddaughter, Annie Elizabeth Frederica Horniman.

The will (dated June 10, 1893) of the Right Hon. Frederick Henry William, Baron Calthorpe, late of 38, Grosvenor Square, who died on June 25, was proved on Aug. 24 by Augustus Cholmondeley, Baron Calthorpe, and Lieutenant-General the Hon. Somerset John Gough-Calthorpe, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £297,000. The testator directs his body to be cremated, and declares that the legacies given to his executors are conditional upon these directions being carried out. He bequeaths £21,000 to his brother Somerset John, and £3000 to each of his sons, and £2500 to each of his daughters; an annuity of £500 to his sister, the Hon. Isabella Eleanor Mary Gough-Calthorpe; £25,000, upon trust, for her, for life, then as to two fifths thereof as she shall appoint, and as to three fifths for the daughters of his brother Augustus Cholmondeley, now Lord Calthorpe; £2500 each to the daughters of his last-named brother; £20,000, upon trust, for his sister, the Hon. Frances Blanche Anne Ffilden, for life, and then for her three children by her late husband; an annuity of £300 to his sister, the Hon. Susan Caroline Gough-Calthorpe; £15,000, upon trust, for his sister, Lady Harriet Louisa Esther Spencer Churchill, for life, and then for her four daughters; £10,000 to his niece, Olivia Colville; £15,000 to Captain Machell; £5000 to Mary de Sonis, and he directs his executors to purchase such a sum of French three-per-cent. Rentes as, with the amount he has already provided for her, will produce 25,000*f.* per annum, to be held by her as a régime

dotal; and numerous handsome legacies to employes and others. The residue of his real and personal estate, including the proceeds of the sale of the Land Wades estate, Kennett, and other his freehold and leasehold property near Newmarket directed to be sold, he leaves, upon the trusts of a settlement (dated July 18, 1864), being the settlement of the family estates. Under this settlement, the present Lord Calthorpe takes an estate for life, with remainder subject to trusts for providing a jointure for any widow, and portions for younger children, to his first and every other son severally and successively in remainder one after the other, according to their respective seniorities and the heirs male of their respective bodies.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1891) of Mr. Henry Clutton, late of 70, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, who died on June 27, was proved on Aug. 25 by Mrs. Caroline Alice Clutton, the widow, Henry J. Clutton, one of the sons, and George Lisle Ryder, Esq., C.B., the executors, the value of the net personal estate amounting to upwards of £98,400. The testator bequeaths to his widow a legacy of £2500, also his furniture and leasehold dwelling-house, and an annuity of £2200 per annum; and to Mr. Ryder, as executor, a legacy of £100. After making certain provision for his children he leaves the residue of his estate upon trusts for the benefit of his children.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1890) of Mr. Alfred Barton, formerly of Longmead, in the county of Southampton, and late of Caldly Manor, Cheshire, who died on May 11, was proved on Aug. 26 by Mrs. Ellen Barton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £66,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his property of whatsoever kind, both real and personal, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated June 7, 1893) of Mr. John Liddon, late of Weycroft Lodge, Wimbledon, barrister-at-law, who died on July 25 at Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, was proved on Aug. 29 by Edward Parry Liddon, the nephew, and Robert Ernald Few, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £56,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his jewellery, plate, pictures, furniture, books, wines, and household stores and effects to his wife, Mrs. Anne Strickland Liddon; £250 each to his executors; and mourning for servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life or widowhood; and on her death, or marriage again, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 2, 1893) of Mrs. Margaret Rose Blane, widow of Colonel Robert Blane, C.B., late of The Birks, Bournemouth, who died on May 20, was proved on Aug. 21 by Charles Andrew Prescott and Arthur William Stileman, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the building fund of the Bennett Memorial Church, Bournemouth; £200 to the General Dispensary, Bournemouth; £100 each to the Sanatorium, St. Mary's Home for Invalids, the Dispensary and Cottage Hospital, and the Firs Home, all of Bournemouth; £50 each to the Herbert Home, the Hip Hospital for Children, and St. Joseph's Convalescent Hospital, all of Bourne-

mouth; £2000 each to her nieces, Blanche Clara Harriett Blackett, and Winifred Rose Orr; £500 each to five other nieces; and legacies to executors, housemaid, and indoor servants, gardener, and others. There are also many specific bequests. The residue of her property, including some she has a power of appointment over under the will of her uncle, Mr. John Ames, she gives to her niece, Beatrice Maud Hanmer Everett.

The will (dated June 29, 1889), with three codicils (dated June 29, 1889; and Sept. 5 and 12, 1891), of Mrs. Sarah Garland Abbott, late of South Hill, Dean Park, Bournemouth, who died on July 14, was proved on Aug. 26 by Herbert Nankivell, M.D., the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix leaves all her real estate (if any) to Mrs. Arabella Hill; and the income of all her personal estate to her sister Elizabeth Unity Richards, for life; at her sister's death she bequeaths £6000 to the said Arabella Hill; £2000 to her executor Dr. Nankivell; £1000 to Frances Ledger; and other legacies. All the legacies are to be paid, so far as it will go, out of her chattels real, and impure personalty. As to the residue of her pure personalty, she gives £500 to the Dorset County Hospital; and the ultimate residue equally between the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1892) of the Rev. Henry Blisset, of Letton Court, Hereford, was proved on Aug. 24 by Sir Herbert Croft, Bart., and James Richard Upton, two of the executors, the gross personal estate amounting to £12,976 10*s.* 7*d.* The testator directs all his estates in the counties of Hereford, Gloucester, and Stafford to be sold (subject as to any lands adjoining the settled estate at Letton to the consent of his daughter). He gives his daughter a life interest in his pictures, china, and other effects at Letton Court, and there are legacies to his executors, servants, &c., and one of £100 to the Hereford Infirmary. Subject to these bequests the testator gives the proceeds of sale of his real estates and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for the benefit of his daughter, for life, and afterwards for her children and issue, with a proviso for all his estate and effects in certain events going to his daughter absolutely, and failing issue and failing such events (subject to the life interest therein of his brother and sister), he gives the same between the two sons of the Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse.

The will and two codicils of Dame Anna Sophia Grey, formerly of Falloden, Chathill, Northumberland, and late of Wellswood House, Torquay, who died on July 8, was proved on Aug. 23 by Mrs. Harriet Jane Grey, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1705.

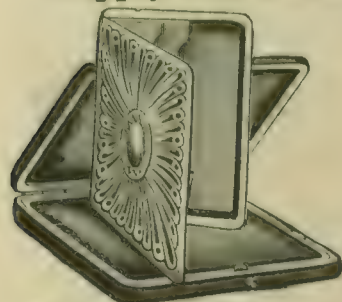
The will (dated April 20, 1882) of Mr. Thomas Archer, author and journalist, late of 68, Kenninghall Road, Clapton, who died on Aug. 5, was proved on Aug. 24 by Mrs. Elizabeth Ollif Archer, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1160. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects to his wife absolutely.

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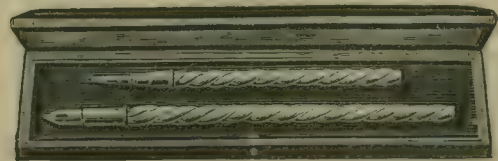


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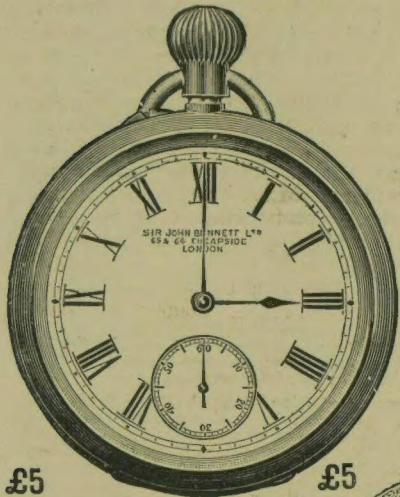
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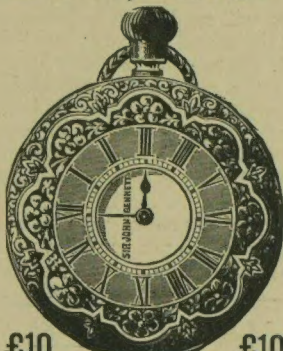
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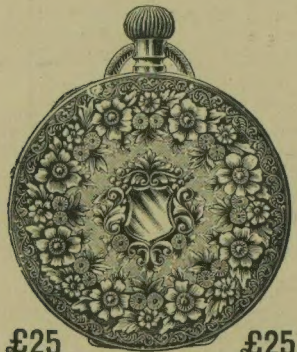


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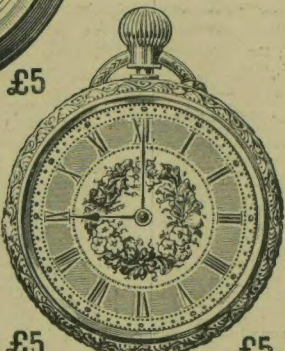
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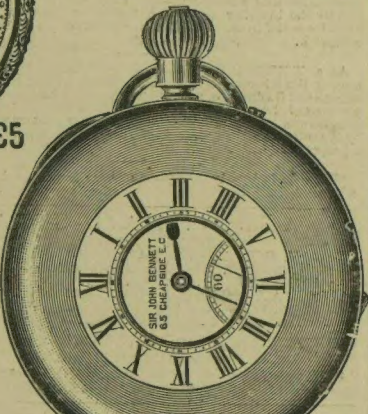
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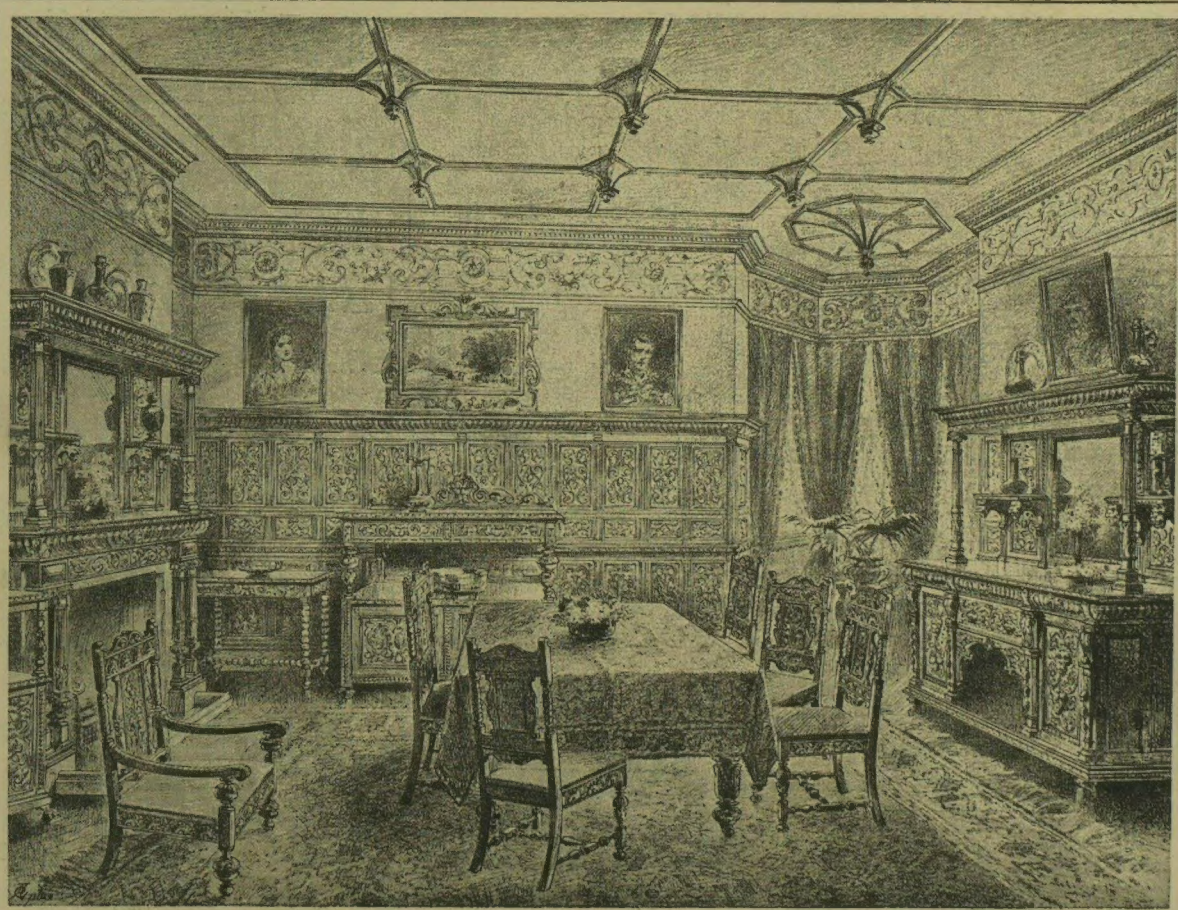
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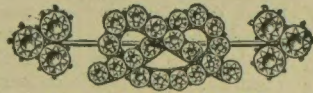
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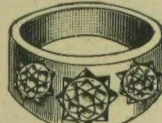


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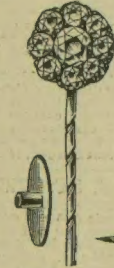
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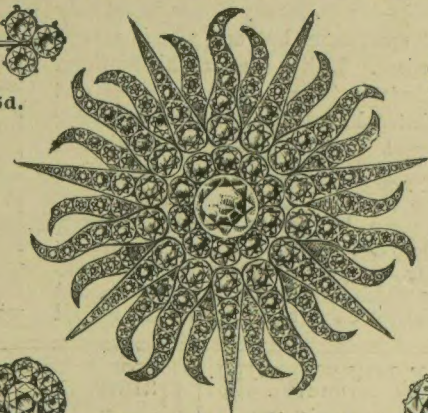
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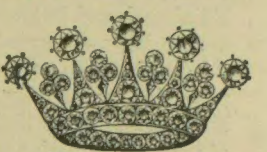
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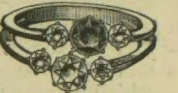
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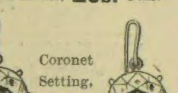
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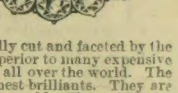
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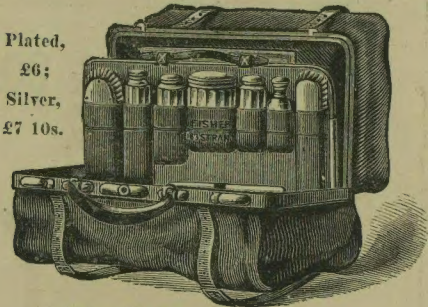
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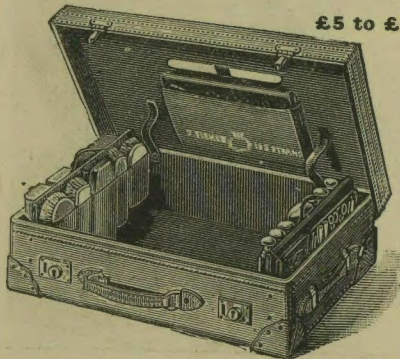
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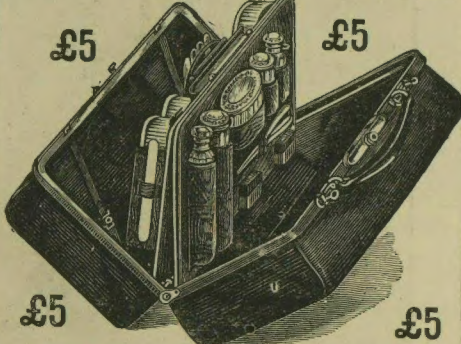
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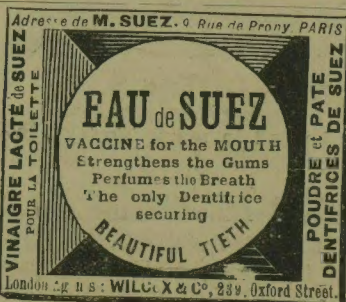
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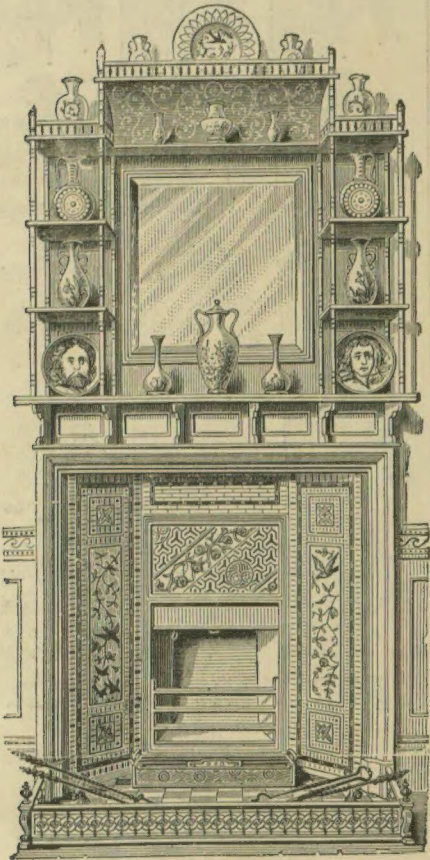
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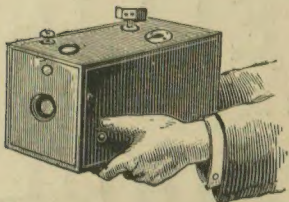
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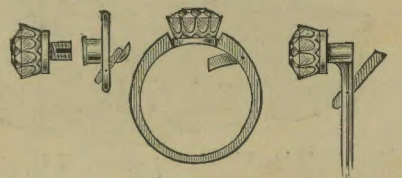
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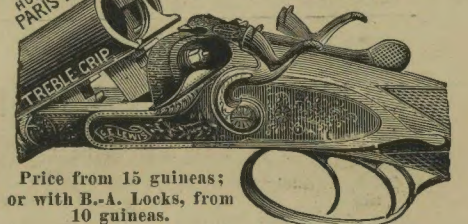


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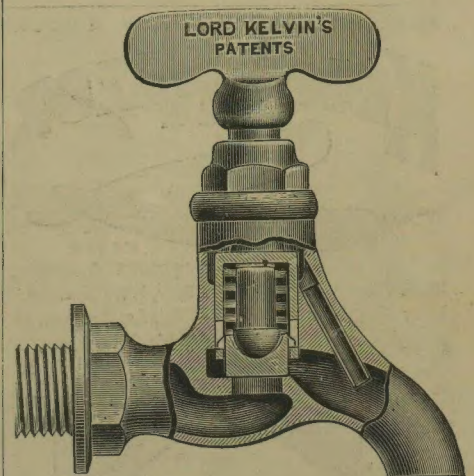
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